

THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,725—VOL. LXVI
Registered as a Newspaper

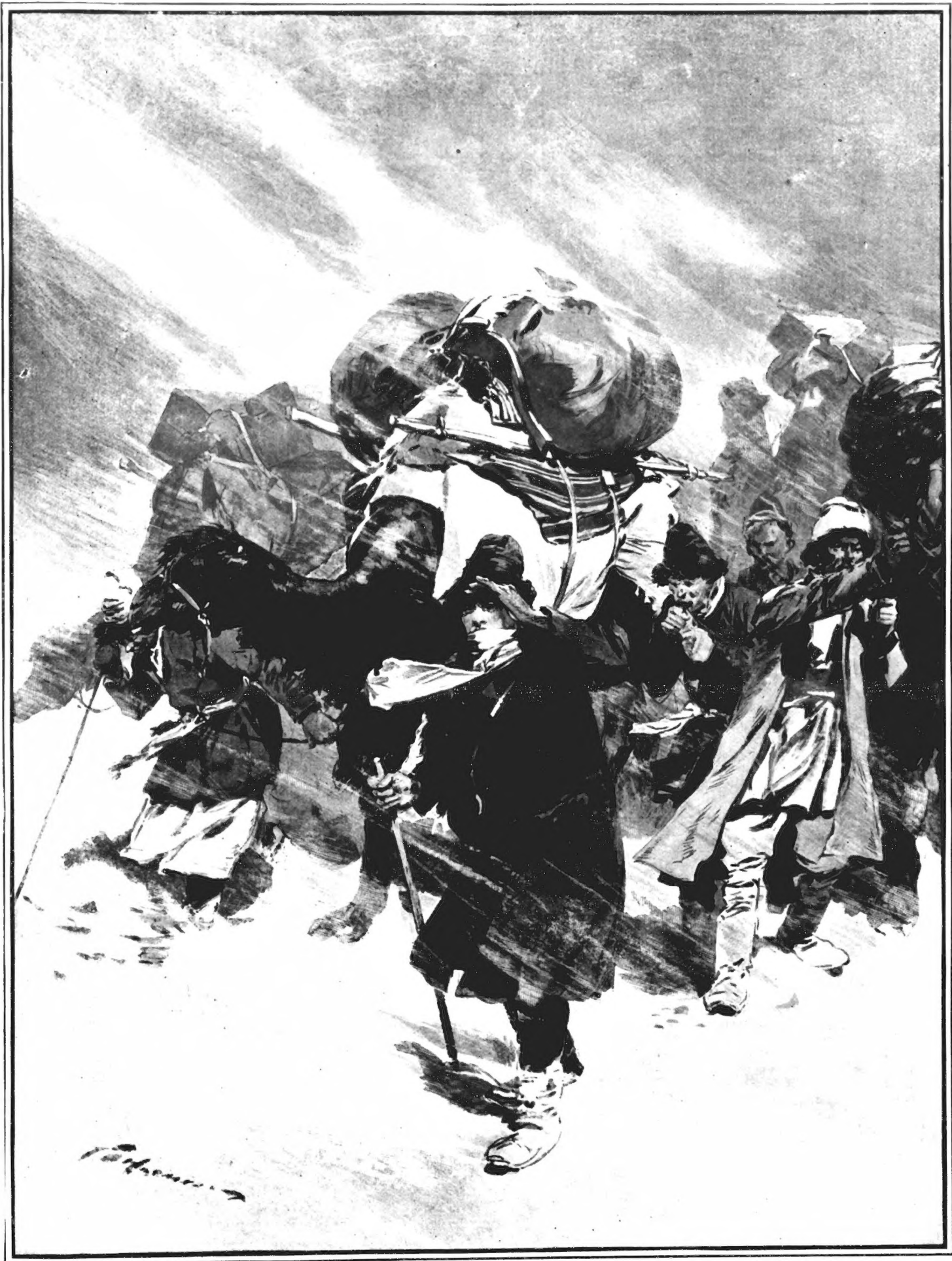
EDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1902

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT

"Three Years in the Heart of Asia"—Part I

PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post, 9½d.



DRAWN BY F. DE HAENE

FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY DR. SVEN HEDIN

Dr. Sven Hedin writes:—"In these storms the loose sand is whirled up in dense clouds, completely nearest camel all is a blank wall, an impenetrable "fog" of sand. With your head bent to the blast, you hiding everything from sight. You cannot see more than a very few yards ahead of you. Beyond the struggle onwards through the thick sandy clouds, which stubbornly strive to force you back."

DR. SVEN HEDIN'S EXPLORATION IN CENTRAL ASIA: A SAND-STORM

Topics of the Week

The
Dispute
with
Venezuela

THE coercive measures adopted by Great Britain against Venezuela are for many reasons a disagreeable necessity, but that they are a necessity there can be no doubt. Some of the grievances which figure in the British indictment—especially those relating to outrages at Patos Island, the sovereignty of which is in dispute—have, perhaps, a not unreasonable Venezuelan aspect, but when every allowance is made, it is clear that a situation had been created by Venezuela which was intolerable to this country and to which a peremptory stop had to be put. Only in a country where the sense of order and legality has been entirely lost could such outrages happen as the arbitrary confiscation of the British sloop *Indiana*, the wanton destruction of the *In Time*, the seizure on the high seas of the British ship *Queen*, and the barbarous treatment of the disabled vessel *Racer*. Nor did these outrages stand alone. British subjects and companies had large claims against the Venezuelan Government for which no satisfaction could be obtained. These grievances would not in themselves have warranted coercive action had the Venezuelan Government met this country in an amicable and equitable spirit. The troublous times through which Venezuela has passed would amply account for all of them, and an expression of regret, accompanied by a proposal to consider the question of due reparation, would soon have disposed of them. This, however, is not the manner of the South American statesman, especially when he thinks that he too has a grievance to avenge. The Government of President Castro had suffered from the depredations of an insurgent privateer named the *Ban Rich*, and as the vessel had received the hospitality of British ports, they declined to consider the British grievance until they had received reparation. His Majesty's Government at once gave full explanations. The *Ban Rich*, while in British waters, bore the flag and character of a Colombian warship, and consequently could not be deprived of the facilities it sought, but as soon as its true character was ascertained it was ordered to leave British waters. This explanation did not satisfy the Venezuelans. Instead of proposing that the dispute in regard to the *Ban Rich* should be submitted to arbitration, they bluntly declared that unless their view of it was accepted by Great Britain, and compensation forthwith paid to them, they would refuse to discuss one-half of the British grievances, while the other half they would, in any event, hold to be inadmissible. Under these circumstances no other course was possible but that which has been taken by His Majesty's Government. The Venezuelans cannot be judge and litigant at one and the same time. There are certainly elementary principles of equity which must guide the intercourse of States as well as individuals, and if they are arbitrarily set at defiance, the only alternative for the aggrieved party is to employ force. This is all the more necessary in South America, where the rough and tumble of a normally lawless life and a considerable impunity in international wrongdoing have led not a few of the local statesmen to imagine that they can do precisely as they please with the stranger within their gates.

The Queen's
Christmas
Dinner

AMONG the many tens of thousands of dinners that will be served on or in honour of Christmas Day, few will appeal so widely to the universal sense of human sympathy as the banquet which the Queen is offering to the widows and children of soldiers and sailors who lost their lives through the South African War. When the war was at its height one of the most brilliant of the younger speakers on the Liberal side, in a few vivid sentences, told how he had watched the wives of soldiers waiting outside the War Office for news of their husbands, and how he had seen them turn away with a look that told "how the weeks of anxiety had given place to years of desolation." To these same women, in perhaps the first of the years of their desolation, the Queen offers such comfort as may be gained from an entertainment that will bring to all, it may be hoped, temporary forgetfulness of the permanent sorrow. The idea of the banquet is worthy a Queen who has always shown herself ready to sympathise with suffering, and eager to find the best way of bringing brightness to homes that know but little. There is only too much reason to fear that many of the widows who will accept the Queen's hospitality on December 27th would, without that kindly invitation, have had but little chance of getting any substantial Christmas dinner. It is most gratifying, too, to note that the Queen—conscious of the straitened circumstances of most of her guests—has generously offered to provide for the expense of their coming and going, so that none need stay away. Following the

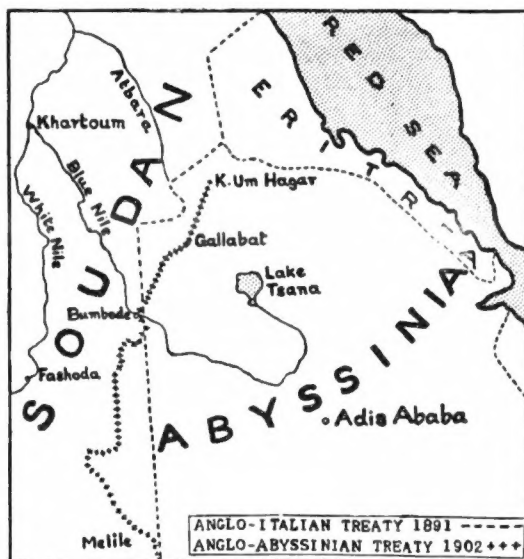
example of their Queen, some of her richer subjects may seek this Christmas a wider circle of guests than has been their habit in previous years, and will look for them rather among those whose normal lot is one of hardship or of sorrow than among those who are already surfeited with the luxuries of life.

Hainault
Forest

FOR the comparatively small sum of 22,000*l.*, the greatest and richest city in the world can now add to its open spaces a little over 800 acres of picturesque land, which must otherwise fall into the iconoclastic hands of the speculative builder. Hainault Forest, as the remnant is called, used to cover a much larger area, but, like Epping Forest, which it adjoins, it suffered greatly from the grabbing propensities of adjacent landowners. But even when that annexation was brought to an end, some private rights of ownership remained, and it is to buy up these that the sum we have specified is needed. We cannot doubt that it will soon be forthcoming; the superb view from the heights overlooking the Thames is alone worth the money. In the case of the view up the river from Richmond Hill, 70,000*l.* was readily furnished for the purchase of land which, if built on, would have marred the whole outlook. But there is still stronger reason, of a less sentimental and more practical kind, for buying Hainault Forest. There is no part of London where the population grows so fast, and it is absolutely essential, therefore, to rescue, as future lungs, any suitable open spaces which may come into the market. That is the happy chance which now offers; the addition of the Hainault area, with its scenic loveliness, to the larger but not more beautiful one of Epping Forest, would give the East End a public park scarcely to be rivalled in Europe.

Abyssinia's Future

THE new treaty between England and Abyssinia marks a long stride from the time when a British Army captured and largely destroyed the then capital of the latter State. Since that memorable time, too, there have been occasions when it appeared highly probable that Abyssinia would shortly disappear as a political entity. What between Italian encroachments and Dervish invasions, King Menelik was frequently very hard driven, and must have felt mightily relieved when the effacement of the Mahdist terror at Omdurman rid him, once for all, of his most dangerous enemy. For a short time, it is true, the King of Kings seemed to be doubtful whether the change of rule might not prove more of a calamity than a piece of good fortune. It rendered his rugged country continuous with Anglo-Egyptian territory from north to south, and so replaced



MAP SHOWING THE OLD AND THE NEW FRONTIERS BETWEEN THE SUDAN AND ABYSSINIA

one menace by another which might prove still more formidable. But thanks largely to Colonel Harrington's soothing diplomacy, these very natural misgivings about the trustworthiness of British professions of friendship have passed away, and by the treaty just executed all cause for future quarrel is eliminated. It is a fair and square compact throughout; the Negus obtains, in the definition of his frontiers in a generous manner, a full equivalent for the concessions he makes in return. The most valuable of these latter is his undertaking to keep the Sobat, the Blue Nile, and Lake Tsana free from any obstacle to the flow of their highly fertilising waters into the great and beneficent river on which Egyptian prosperity must always depend. The Mahdi, it will be remembered, once had something of the sort in his mind, but, happily for the fellaheen, his saintly successor had neither the courage nor the ability to carry out the deadly scheme of vengeance. It is interesting to note that the Cape to Cairo railway scheme is not forgotten, and that one of the articles of the new treaty grants us the right to construct a railway through Abyssinian territory to connect the Sudan with Uganda.

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

IT was somewhat startling to me, on running my eye over the calendar just now, to find that next Thursday is Christmas Day. I do not know whether it is the winterly summer we have experienced that has made one lose count of time, but Christmas seems to have arrived unexpectedly. It seems to be only about the day before yesterday we were watching the autumnal leaves beginning to turn, and now there are no leaves to turn, and nothing but bare branches to gaze upon. Christmas coming upon you unawares is a serious matter. Suppose you have forgotten the turkey, neglected the roast beef, and have given no thought to the plum-pudding. Suppose you have omitted to attend to your Christmas decorations, till there is not a sprig of holly or a mistletoe berry to be had for love or money. Suppose you have put off buying your Christmas presents till every shop is overcrowded, and there is not a shopman to attend to you. Suppose all these things and you will not be in a worse state than I am. Fancying Christmas to be still in the offing, I proposed to lead off this Cuttlean column with a Carol of infinite tenderness, of hearty joviality and surpassing humour. But as the "festive season" has come upon me unawares my song must be postponed. But I must not omit the motive of my ditty—which will probably be more intelligible in prose than verse—that is to wish all my countless friends and correspondents, known and unknown, all over the world "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!"

The other day some furniture associated with Charles Dickens was sold at Sotheby's. It consisted of a mahogany office table, office chair, high-back cane chair and looking-glass, that were at one time at the office of *All the Year Round*, at 25, Wellington Street. The *Household Words* office, it may be remembered, was lower down, just by where the stage door of the Gaiety Theatre now is, and was relinquished on the establishment of the new journal. The furniture alluded to fetched 55*l.* If I mistake not, the same lot was sold at the same salerooms at the end of last March for 85*l.* As all Dickens relics have been greatly increasing in value lately, it is difficult to account for the reduction of 30*l.* in the price realised.

If things go on at the same rate that they have been advancing lately the public buildings of London will consist principally of theatres, restaurants, and hotels. Years ago there were countless rooms devoted to dancing—now I believe there is not one. One might argue from this fact that London nowadays dines a great deal more than it dances. The latest victim to hostility is Saint James's Hall, which it is proposed to clear away altogether, and to erect a vast hotel, with all the latest improvements and most modern appliances, on its site. I shall be rather sorry to miss this good old landmark, which has been associated with so many pleasant reminiscences. This hall was never much of a place for public dinners, though they have been given occasionally here. One especially occurs to my mind, and that is one of the Royal Literary Fund, when the King—then the Prince of Wales—took the chair and delighted everybody by the excellent speech he made on the occasion. I have vivid recollections of various concerts by Henry Leslie's Choir given within these walls, and I can recall an excellent lecture on Australian experiences by George Augustus Sala.

I am reminded, too, of the annual balls of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels—which were always occasions of great merriment—as well as their admirable performances in the minor hall; and the recollection of countless balls and innumerable concerts given under the roof now about to be demolished crowd on my mind as I write these lines. Then, too, I can recall the farewell readings of Charles Dickens. His newest reading, "Sikes and Nancy," with its terrible and thrilling impersonations, and his final appearance, when he said, "In but two short weeks from this time I hope that you may enter in your own homes on a new series of readings at which my assistance will be indispensable; but from these garish lights I vanish now for evermore, with a heartfelt, grateful, respectful, affectionate farewell."

A remarkable story is told in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of a man who discovered that he had dropped a pound in the street through a hole in his pocket, and then retraced his steps for half a mile and found the sovereign gleaming on the pavement. I can very nearly match this. I was sketching on the wildest part of the coast in Jersey, had completed my morning's work and was returning home, and, in endeavouring to make a short cut, quite lost my way. I had to wade across a narrow gulf, and was nearly carried away by the tide. Then I discovered my sketching-stool, which was slung over my shoulder, was missing, so I re-crossed the gulf, and was landed in a different place to that I started from. I climbed the rocks and proceeded in the direction I had formerly traversed, but found I was on an entirely new path. However, I persevered. Presently I came upon a brilliant lichen-covered rock that I recognised, and then upon features that were familiar to me. I found I had reached the district I had originally traversed by a new road, and presently I discovered my sketching-stool, defiantly wallowing in a furze bush, like unto the celebrated Brown, immortalised by the poet, "upside down, with its legs sticking up in the air," and apparently delighted at having given its master so much trouble.

A RECORD HUNT.

A THRILLING ACCOUNT OF A DRAMATIC RUN (ILLUSTRATED) is one of many interesting features in this week's

GOLDEN PENNY.

LONDON, BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.
PARIS, THE RIVIERA, ITALY AND SWITZERLAND.—
 The Cheapest and Most Comfortable Route is via NEWHAVEN
 and DIEPPE. Fast Royal Mail Steamers and Corridor Trains. Two Express
 Services leave London 10.0 a.m. and 8.50 p.m. daily. Through Bookings to
 all parts of France, Italy, Switzerland, &c. Riviera and Italian Tours.
 Details of Continental Manager, London Bridge Terminus.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS.

On December 18, 19, 20, 22, 23, and 24, additional trains will be run to meet
 the requirements of traffic.

On Wednesday, December 24, a special express, at ordinary fares, will leave
 London (King's Cross) at 12.20 midnight, Finsbury Park 12.25, for Welwyn,
 Stevenage, Hitchin, Biggleswade, Sandy, St. Neots, Huntingdon, Holme,
 Peterboro', Spalding, Boston, Louth, Grimsby, Grantham, Lincoln, Nottingham,
 Newark, Retford, Doncaster, Wakefield, Leeds, Laister Dyke, Bradford,
 Halifax, Selby, York.

On CHRISTMAS DAY the trains will run as on Sundays, with the exception
 that an additional express will leave London (King's Cross) at 5.15 a.m. for
 Stamford, Bourne, Lincoln, Nottingham, York, Wakefield, Leeds, Bradford,
 Batley, and Halifax, stopping at the intermediate stations at which it usually
 calls on Weekdays, and connecting at York with trains for Thirsk, Northallerton,
 Darlington, Leamside, Durham, Gateshead, Newcastle, Morpeth,
 Alnmouth, Belford, Berwick, Dunbar, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Stirling, Perth,
 Inverness, and Aberdeen.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS FROM LONDON (KING'S CROSS, SUBURBAN STATIONS, &c.).

On Wednesday, December 24, for 4, 5, 7, or 16 days, and Wednesday,
 December 31, for 4, 7, or 16 days, to NORTHALLERTON, DARLINGTON,
 RICHMOND, DURHAM, NEWCASTLE, ALNWICK, BERWICK,
 EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, OBAN, PERTH, DUNDEE, ABERDEEN,
 INVERNESS and other stations in Scotland.

On Wednesday, December 24, for 4, 5, 6 or 9 days, to PRINCIPAL
 STATIONS IN NORFOLK, LINCOLNSHIRE, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE,
 STAFFORDSHIRE, LANCASHIRE, YORKSHIRE, NORTH-EASTERN
 DISTRICT, &c.

On BOXING DAY, Friday, December 26, for 1 day, to HATFIELD, ST.
 ALBANS, HERTFORD, WHEATHAMSTEAD, HARPENDEN,
 LUTON, DUNSTABLE, HITCHIN, BALDOCK, ROYSTON,
 and CAMBRIDGE; also for 1, 2, or 3 days, to HUNTINGDON, PETERBORO',
 GRANTHAM and NOTTINGHAM.

For fares and full particulars see Bills, to be obtained at the Company's Stations
 and Town Offices.

OLIVER BURY, GENERAL MANAGER.

LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS, 1902.

Additional Express Trains will be run, and Special Arrangements made in
 connection with the London and North Western Passenger Trains for the
 Christmas Holidays, full particulars of which can be obtained at the Company's
 Stations and Town Offices.

EXCURSIONS

FROM EUSTON, BROAD STREET, KENSINGTON (ADDISON
 ROAD), WOOLWICH, WILLESDEN JUNCTION, AND OTHER
 LONDON STATIONS.

On TUESDAY, DECEMBER 23.—To DUBLIN, GREENORE, BEL-
 FAST, Achill, Ardglass, Armagh, Ballina, Bray, Bundoran, Cork, Downpatrick,
 Dundalk, Enniskillen, Galway, Greystones, Kenmare, Kilkee, Killaloe,
 Killarney, Limerick, Listowel, Londonderry, Navan, Newcastle (co. Down),
 Newry, Omagh, Portlough, Rathfriland, Roscommon, Sligo, Thurles, Warrenpoint,
 Westport, Wexford, Wicklow, and other places in Ireland. To return within
 16 days.

On TUESDAY NIGHT, DECEMBER 23.—To Abergele, Amlwch, Bangor,
 Bettws-y-Coed, Carnarvon, Cockerham, Colwyn Bay, Conway, Corwen,
 Cricieth, the English Lake District, Furness Line Stations, Holyhead, Holy-
 well, Llanberis, Llandudno, Llanfairfechan, Llanrwst, Maryport, Morecambe,
 Penmaenmawr, Portmadoc, Pwllheli, Rhyl, Ruthin, Whitehaven, Workington,
 &c., returning on December 27 or 29, or on January 1.

To Blackburn, Blackpool, Bolton, Carlisle, Carnforth, Chester, Fleetwood,
 Lancaster, Lytham, Penrith, Preston, St. Anne's-on-Sea, St. Helens, Southport,
 Wigan, returning on December 27, 28, or 29, and January 1.

On WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 24.—To Birmingham, Coventry, Dudley,
 Dudley Port, Kenilworth, Leamington, Northampton, Walsall, Warwick,
 Wednesbury, Wolverhampton, &c., returning on December 27, 28, or 29, or on
 January 1.

To Aberdovey, Aberystwyth, Barmouth, Borth, Builth Wells, Cricieth,
 Dolcelly, Elle-mere, Harlech, Llanidloes, Newtown, Oswestry, Portmadoc,
 Pwllheli, Rhayader, Shrewsbury, Towyn, Wellington, Welshpool, Wrexham,
 &c., returning December 27 or 29, or on January 1.

To Abergavenny, Carmarthen, Craven Arms, Hereford, Llandrindod Wells,
 Llangamarch Wells, Llanwrtyd Wells, Merthyr, Swansea, &c., returning
 December 27 or 29, or on January 1.

On WEDNESDAY NIGHT, DECEMBER 24.—To Liverpool, Manchester,
 Stockport, and Warrington, returning December 26, 27, 28, 29, and on January 1.

To Ashton, Crewe, Lichfield, Macclesfield, Nuneaton, Oldham, Rugby,
 Stafford, Stalybridge, Stoke-on-Trent, and Tamworth, returning December 27,
 28, or 29, or on January 1.

On WEDNESDAY NIGHTS, DECEMBER 24, for 4, 5, 7, and 16 days,
 and 31, for 4, 7, and 16 days.—To CARLISLE, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW,
 Aberdeen, Arbroath, Ayr, Balloch, Ballater, Banff, Brechin, Buckie, Callander,
 Castle Douglas, Crief, Cruden Bay, Dufftown, Dumbarton, Dumfries, Dundee,
 Dunkeld, Elgin, Forfar, Forres, Fort William, Gourrock, Grantown, Greenock,
 Huntly, Inverness, Keith, Kirkcudbright, Loch Awe, Moffat, Montrose,
 Nairn, Newton Stewart, Oban, Peebles, Perth, Stirling, Stonehaven, Stranraer,
 Strathpeffer, Whithorn, Wigtown, and other places in Scotland.

For Times, Fares, and full particulars, see Bills, which can be obtained at the
 Stations and Parcels Receiving Office.

FREDERICK HARRISON, GENERAL MANAGER.

London, December, 1902.

ORIENT PACIFIC LINE OF ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS TO AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, and TASMANIA.

UNDER CONTRACT TO SAIL EVERY FOURTH WITH HIS MAJESTY'S MAILED
 Calling at Gibraltar, Marseilles, Naples, Egypt, and Colombo.

	Tons		Tons
AUSTRAL	5,524	ORONTES (Twin Screw)	9,023
OMRAH (Twin Screw)	8,291	OROTAVA	5,857
OPHIR (Twin Screw)	6,910	ORMUZ	6,387
ORTONA (Twin Screw)	8,000	OROYA	6,297
ORIENT	5,365	ORUBA	5,857
ORIZABA	6,297		

Managers: F. GREEN & CO. Head Offices:
 (ANDERSON, ANDERSON & CO.) Fenchurch Avenue, London
 For passage apply to the latter firm, at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, E.C., or to the
 Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, S.W.

ORIENT COMPANY'S PLEASURE CRUISES.

By their Steamships "CUZCO" and "ORIENT," from London for
 Morocco, Balearic Isles, South of France, Sicily, Crete, Cyprus, Syria,
 Palestine, Egypt, Algeria, &c., February 26th to April 22nd. For Portugal,
 Spain, South of France, Greece, Constantinople, &c., March 14th to April 27th.
 Passengers travelling overland to Villefranche, can leave London respectively
 on March 6th and 25th. Fares from 50 to 90 guineas.

Managers: F. GREEN & CO. Head Offices:
 (ANDERSON, ANDERSON & CO.) Fenchurch Avenue, London
 For passage apply to the latter firm, at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, E.C., or to the
 West End Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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Daily (Sundays included) SERVICE TO THE CONTINENT,
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 Restaurant Cars and Through Carriages to and from the Hook.

HARWICH-ANTWERP ROUTE, Every Weekday.

From London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.30 p.m. for the Hook of Holland,
 and at 8.40 p.m. for Antwerp. Direct Service to Harwich, from Scotland, the
 North, and Midlands. Restaurant Car between York and Harwich.

The Great Eastern Railway Company's Steamers are steel twin-screw vessels,
 lighted throughout by electricity, and sail under the British Flag.
 HAMBURG, by G.S.N. Co.'s Steamers, Wednesdays and Saturdays.
 Particulars of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS FROM LONDON (MARYLEBONE), Wool-
 wich, Greenwich, and Metropolitan Stations.

ON SUNDAY, DECEMBER 21, for 2, 6, 7, or 8 days, to Brackley, Guide
 Bridge, Leicester, Manchester, Nottingham, Penistone, Rugby, Sheffield, &c.

ON TUESDAY, DECEMBER 23, for 16 days, to Belfast, Cork, Dublin,
 Galway, Killarney, Larne, Limerick, Londonderry, Sligo, Wexford, and
 principal stations in Ireland.

ON WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 24, for 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8 days, to Guide
 Bridge, Leicester, Liverpool, Manchester, Nottingham, Penistone, Rugby,
 Sheffield, Stockport, Warrington, &c. For 4, 5, 6, and 9 days, or for 4, 6, and 9
 days, to Ashton, Barnsley, Blackpool, Brackley, Bradford, Bridlington, Chester,
 Doncaster, Grimsby, Guide Bridge, Halifax, Harrogate, Huddersfield, Hull,
 Leicester, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Nottingham, Oldham,
 Penistone, Rotherham, Rugby, Scarborough, Sheffield, Southport, Stockport,
 Stratford-on-Avon, Wakefield, Warrington, York, and other Stations in the
 Midlands, Yorkshire, Lancashire, and North of England.

ON THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, for 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8 days, to
 Brackley, Fimere, Leicester, Loughboro', Nottingham, Rugby, Woodford, &c.
 For 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8 days, to Guide Bridge, Manchester, Penistone, and
 Sheffield.

ON FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26, for 1, 2, and 3 days, to Brackley,
 Fimere, Leicester, Loughboro', Nottingham, Rugby, &c.

* No 1-day bookings to these stations.

ON SUNDAY, DECEMBER 28, for 2 and 5 days, to Brackley, Guide
 Bridge, Leicester, Manchester, Nottingham, Rugby, Sheffield, &c.

NOTE.—No half-day bookings from Woolwich and Greenwich.

TICKETS and A.B.C. PROGRAMMES containing full information can
 be obtained at Marylebone Station, or at any of the Company's Town Offices
 and Agencies.

SAM FAY, GENERAL MANAGER.

JAPAN, CHINA, HONOLULU, MANILA,

AND

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The NEW 12,000-TON TWIN SCREW STEAMERS "SIBERIA" and
 "KOREA," and other magnificent Steamers of the PACIFIC MAIL,
 OCCIDENTAL and ORIENTAL and TOYO KISEN KAISHA STEAM-
 SHIP COMPANIES. WEEKLY SERVICE.

CHOICE OF ANY ATLANTIC LINE. Also of United States Railways,
 NEWEST, FASTEST and LARGEST STEAMERS ON THE PACIFIC.

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 James Street, Liverpool; 17, Cockspur Street, S.W.; 34, Leadenhall Street,
 London, E.C.; or Rud. Falck, General European Agent, London. City Offices,
 49, Leadenhall Street, E.C.; West End, 18, Cockspur Street, S.W.; and 25,
 Water Street, Liverpool.

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65 days for £65. For shorter periods proportionate rates. By the
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THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET CO.

Apply 18, Moorgate Street, or 29, Cockspur Street (West End),
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 TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30 precisely.
 A new romantic drama, by Justin Huntly McCarthy, entitled
 IF I WERE KING.
 FRANCIS VILTON..... Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
 MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.15.
 Box Office, 10 to 10. Tel. 3903 Gerrard.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. Mr. TREE.
 EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.
 THE ETERNAL CITY,
 By HALL CAINE.
 MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.

SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.
 Sole Lessee, Mr. GEORGE MUGGERIDGE.
 Mr. FREDERIC A. STANLEY'S MATINEE SEASON,
 On Saturday, December 20,
 And EVERY FOLLOWING AFTERNOON, at 2.15.
 A New Play, entitled
 A LITTLE UN-FAIRY PRINCESS.
 By Mrs. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.
 Produced by Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS.
 Box Office now open.

MOHAWK MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS,
 ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY, Grand New Christmas
 Entertainment will be produced on Christmas Eve, Wednesday, December 24,
 at 3 and 8, and given Twice Daily during the Holidays.
 5s., 3s., 2s., 1s. Children Half-price. Seats booked at Whitehead's, St.
 James's Hall, and all Libraries.

LONDON HIPPODROME, CRANBOURN STREET,
 LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C. Managing Director, Mr. H. E. MOSS.
 TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 7.45 p.m.
 AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

NOTICE.—ROYAL AQUARIUM.—A Monster Christmas
 Carnival will be held at the Royal Aquarium, commencing Monday,
 December 22. The Performances will commence punctually at 10 a.m., and
 terminate 11.45 p.m. Promenade and Inclusive Admission, 1/- Reserved Seats
 from 1/-.

THE GREAT CHRISTMAS PROGRAMME (from Monday
 next) bristles with sensational novelties and varieties—a long, large,
 and most varied entertainment, commencing at 10 a.m., followed, at 2.0 and
 7.0, by

THE WORLD'S GREAT SHOW,
 WHICH THOUSANDS CAN WITNESS FOR 1/-.

ROYAL AQUARIUM.—A LIVING MAN
 CHIMPANZEE SEANCES.—"Consul," the Man Chimpanzee, shakes
 hands and kisses visitors, smokes, dances, eats with knife and fork, and drinks
 like a human being, plays football, sews with needle and thread, writes and reads,
 rides a tricycle seven different ways. See "Consul" washing his hands and feet.
 Roars of laughter. Visitors daily spend hours in his company.

GEO. REES' CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

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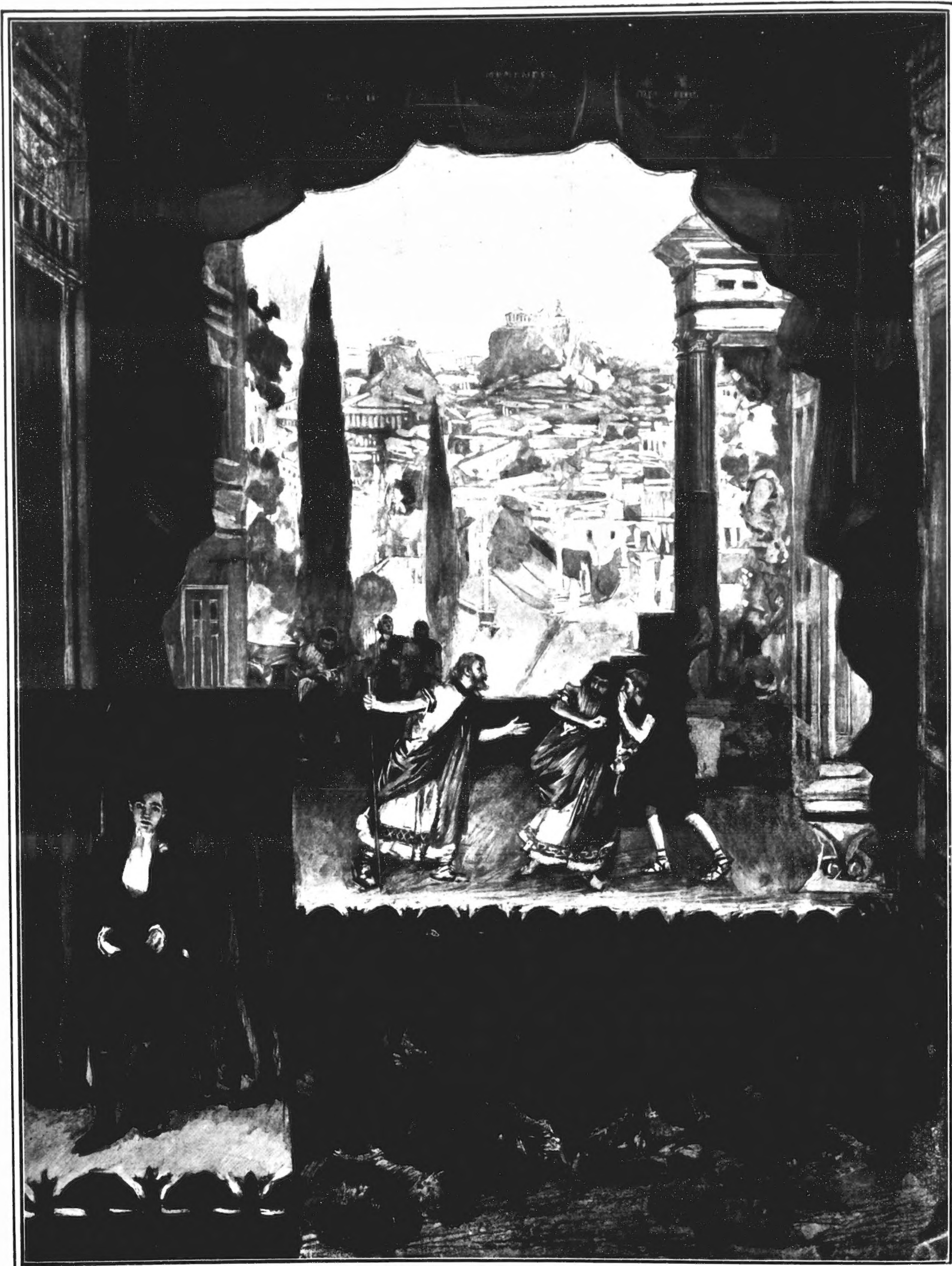
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THE CAPTAIN OF THE SCHOOL DELIVERING THE PROLOGUE

Demipho

Phormio

Geta

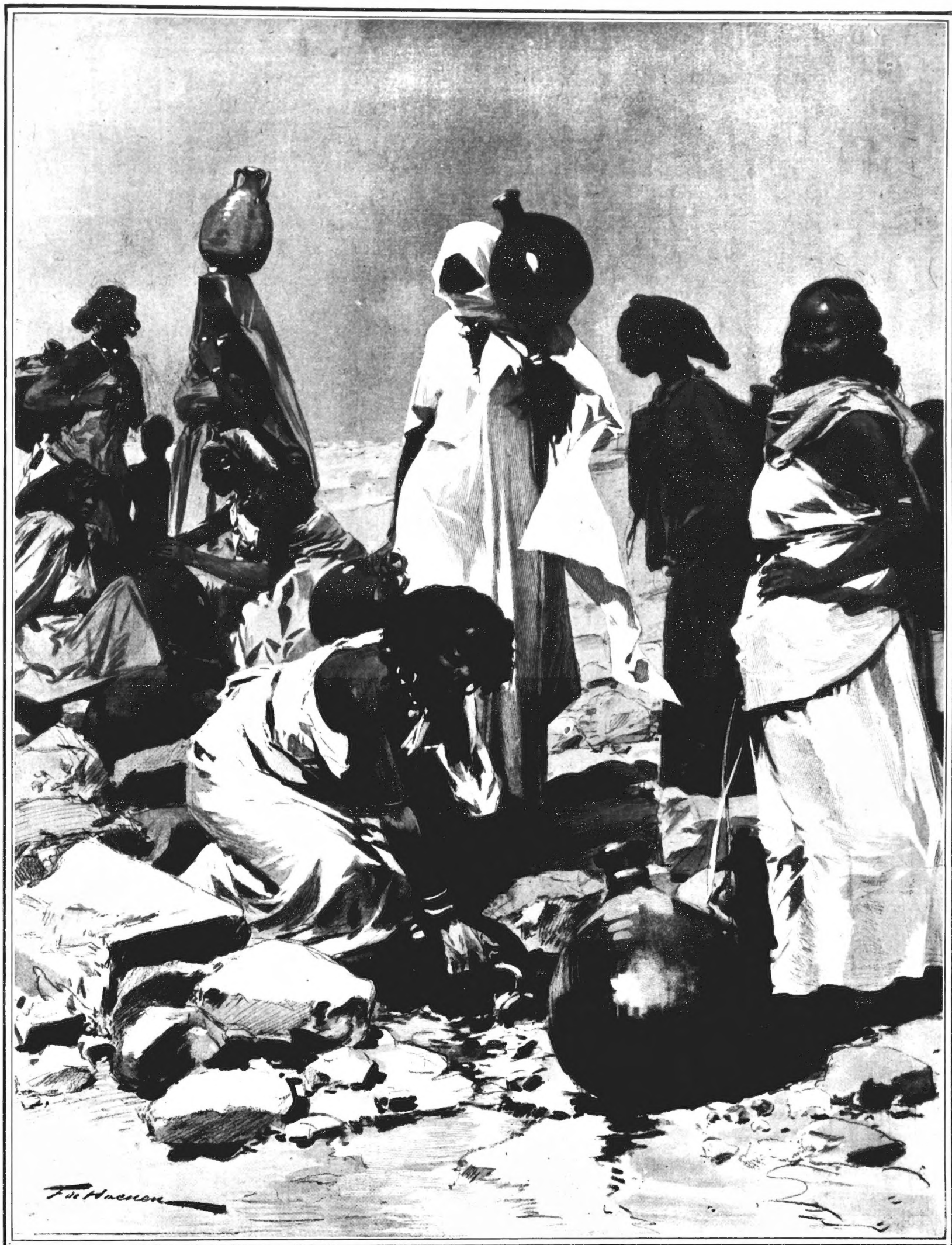
A SCENE IN ACT II: DEMIPHO QUARRELLING WITH PHORMIO

The Latin Play, which has not been given at Westminster School for two years, owing to the deaths of the Duke of Coburg, Queen Victoria and the Empress Frederick, was revived this year. The play selected was the *Phormio* of Terence, of which the boys gave a capital performance. F. W. Hubbart's rendering of Geta—the

most exacting part in the play—was particularly good. Phormio, the sly and audacious parasite, was acted with spirit by G. T. Boag, while the rôle of the old man Demipho was efficiently filled by H. B. Philby

THE LATIN PLAY AT WESTMINSTER SCHOOL

DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.



DRAWN BY F. DE HAPFEN

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A BRITISH OFFICER

CAMPAIGNING IN SOMALILAND: NATIVE WOMEN DRAWING WATER FROM A WELL FOR THE TROOPS

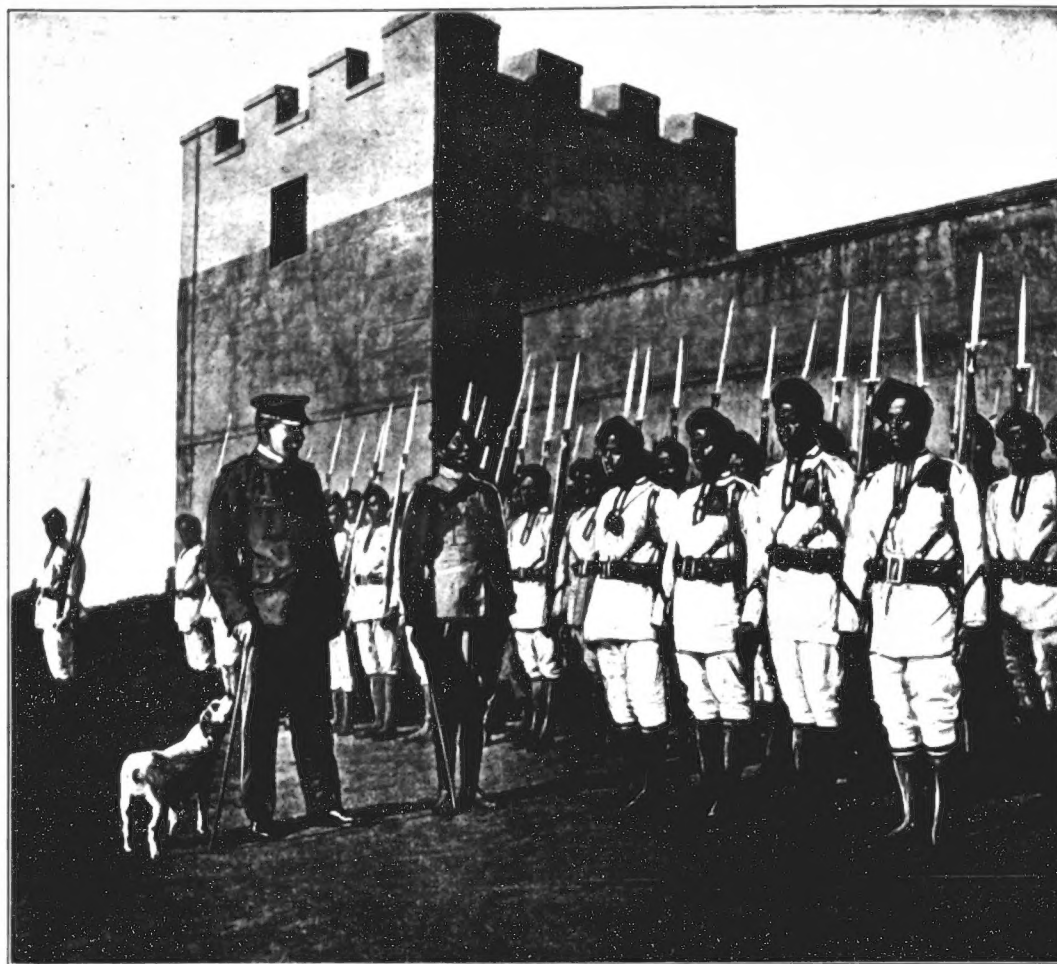
The Court

THE KING and Queen returned to town from Leicestershire on Monday. They spent nearly a week at Gopsall Park with Earl and Countess Howe, who entertained a succession of visitors to meet their Majesties. Though the weather was mostly cold and windy, the King had some excellent shooting, being out early every day with his host and a large party. Sometimes he drove to the scene of the day's sport, or rode home from the coverts, and large bags were made, the pheasants being especially fine and plentiful. Luncheon took place in a tent, the Queen and Princess Victoria driving out with Lady Howe to join the sportsmen. On Sunday the King and Queen attended Service, both in the morning and afternoon, in the private chapel at Gopsall Hall—a pretty little building, which contains a fine "Crucifixion" by Vandyck, while part of the altar is said to be made from the oak where King Charles hid after the battle of Worcester. Some of the choir of Lichfield Cathedral came over for the Services, when there was an anthem but no sermon. The Royal visitors' arrival had been kept quite private, but their Majesties gave the local inhabitants a chance of seeing them at their departure on Monday. The fine drive in Gopsall Park was thrown open to the public, who crowded the road on either side all the way to Shackerstone station, giving the King and Queen hearty greeting as they drove by with an escort from the Gopsall Division of the Leicestershire Imperial Yeomanry.

On reaching town early on Monday afternoon the King and Queen, with Princess Victoria, took up their quarters at Buckingham Palace for a few days. The King had much State business to despatch before the holidays, and held a Council on Tuesday, while a large Investiture of various Orders followed on Thursday. As usual, the King and Queen will be at Sandringham for Christmas. They will stay in Norfolk till the middle of January, when they come up to Buckingham Palace once more.

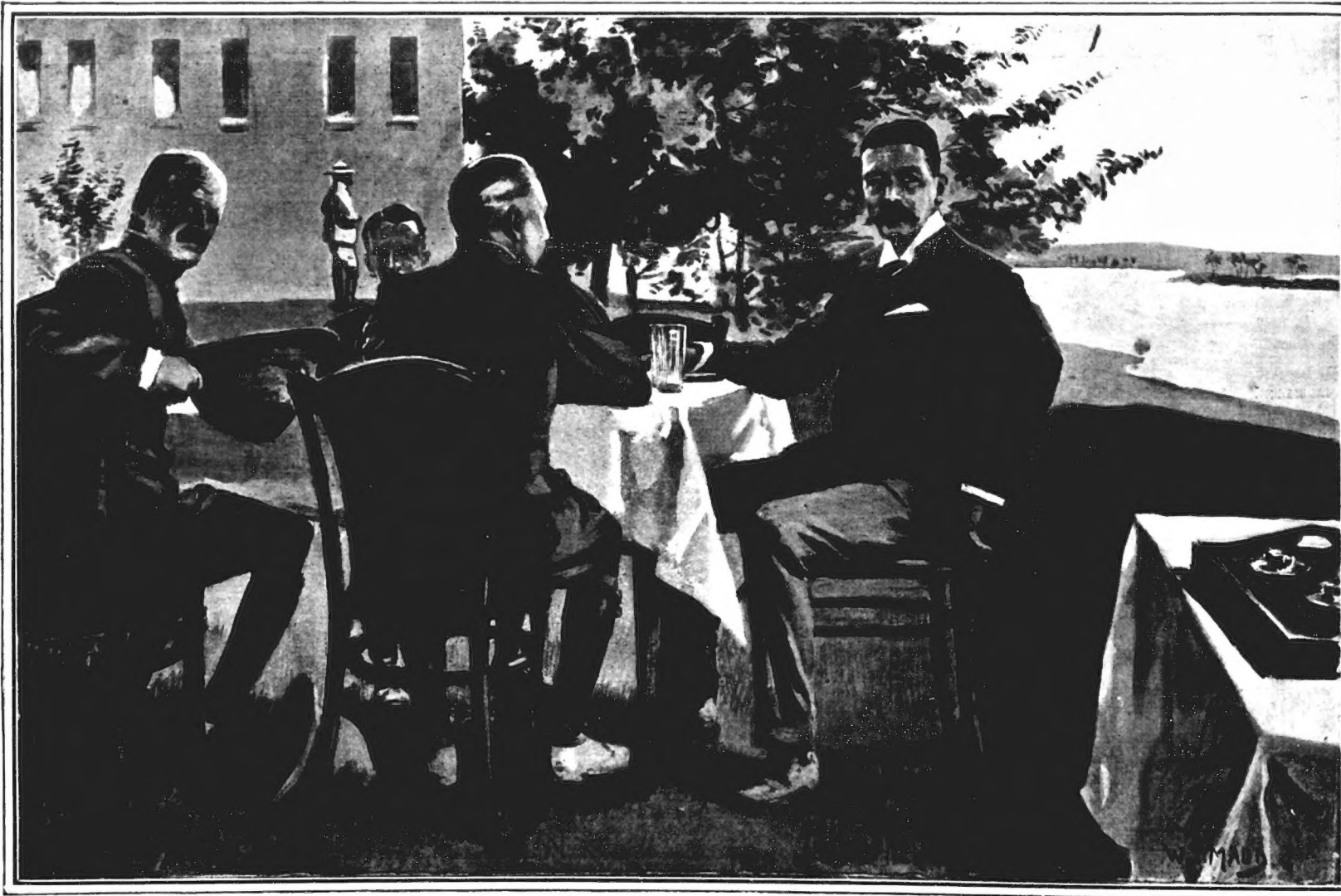
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The Zulu police force is essentially a fine and serviceable body of men, and has proved a very useful adjunct to our forces in South Africa—from the time when, in October, 1901, they formed the garrison of Eshowe, then threatened by the Boers. The officer in charge of the section is Sub-Inspector C. Fairlie, while the native non-commissioned officer is Sergeant-Major Sidoi, who has shown himself to be a good soldier on more than one occasion.

SOLDIERS OF THE KING: ZULULAND NATIVE POLICE AT ESHOWE

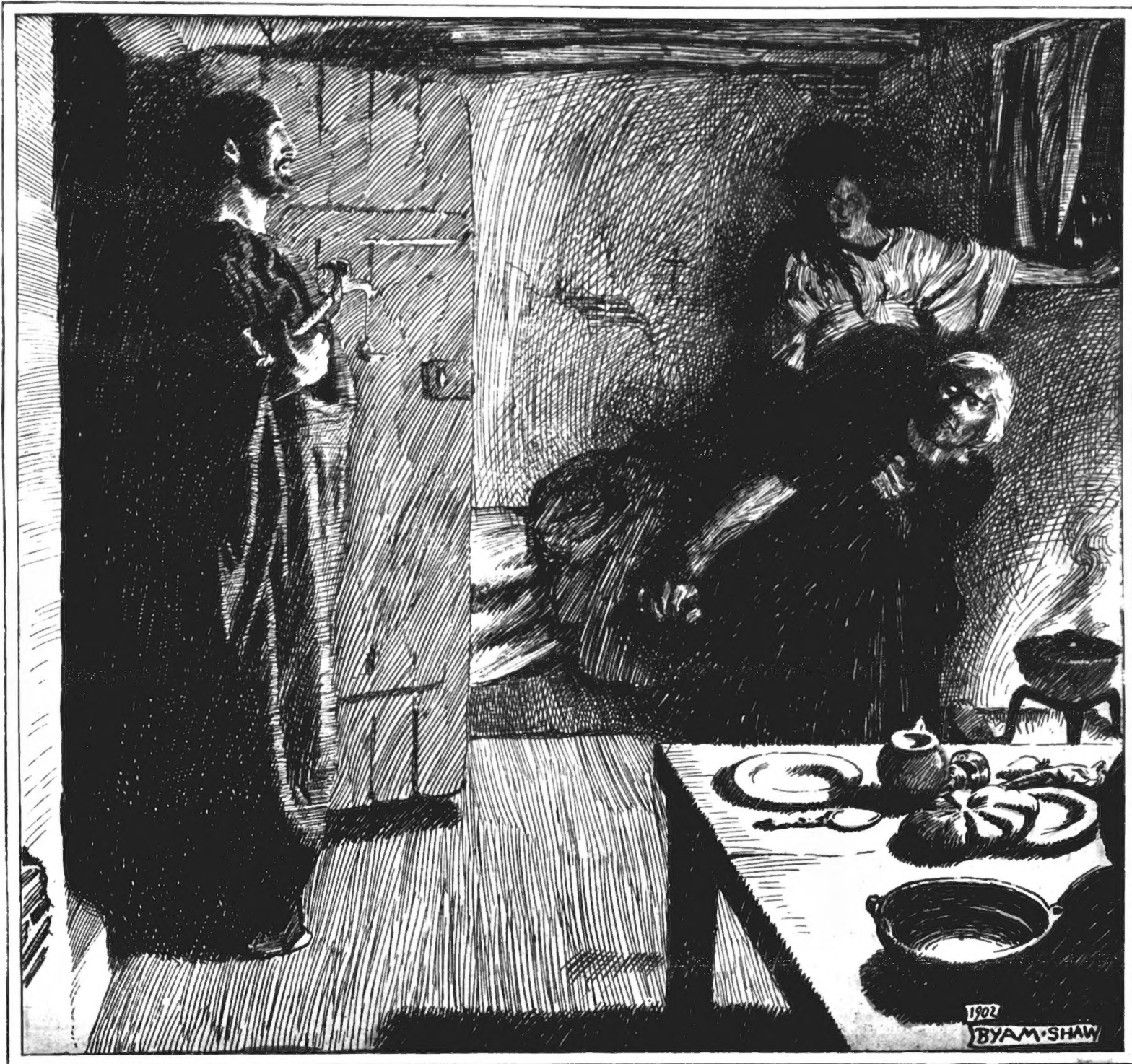


DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD
THE BIRDAR

LORD KITCHENER AT ASSOUAN: A SNAPSHOT AT ELEPHANTINE ISLAND

LORD KITCHENER

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A BRITISH OFFICER



"Before the woman even had time to shut the door, he thrust it wide and walked straight into the room"

PEARL-MAIDEN: A TALE OF THE FALL OF JERUSALEM

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated by BYAM SHAW

CHAPTER XXVII. (Continued)

FROM the palace of Domitian Marcus was taken to his prison near the Temple of Mars. Here, because of his wealth and rank, because also he had made appeal to Cæsar and was therefore as yet uncondemned of any crime, he found himself well treated. Two good rooms were given him to live in, and his own steward, Stephanus, was allowed to attend him and provide him with food and all he needed. Also upon giving his word that he would attempt no escape, he was allowed to walk in the gardens between the prison and the Temple, and to receive his friends at any hour of the day. His first visitor was the chamberlain, Satrius, who began by condoling with him over his unfortunate and most undeserved position. Marcus cut him short.

"Why am I here?" he asked.

"Because, most noble Marcus, you have been so unlucky as to incur the displeasure of a very powerful man."

"Why does Domitian persecute me?" he asked again.

"How innocent are you soldiers!" said the chamberlain. "I will answer your question by another. Why do you buy beautiful captives upon whom royalty chances to have set its heart?"

Marcus thought a moment, then said, "Is there any way out of this trouble?"

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"My lord Marcus, I came to show you one. Nobody really believes that you of all men failed in your duty out there in Jerusalem. Why, the thing is absurd, as even those carpet-captains before whom you were tried knew well. Still, your position is most awkward. There is evidence against you—of a sort. Vespasian will not interfere, for he is aware that this is the private matter of Domitian's, and having had one quarrel with his son over the captive Pearl-Maiden, he does not wish for another over the man who bought her. No, he will say—this prefect was one of the friends and officers of Titus, let Titus settle the affair as it may please him when he returns."

"At least Titus will do me justice," said Marcus.

"Yes, without doubt, but what will that justice be? Titus issued an edict. Have you ever known him to go back upon his edicts, even to save a friend? Titus declared throughout his camps those Romans who were taken prisoner by the Jews to be worthy of death or disgrace, and two of them, common men and cowards, have been publicly disgraced in the eyes of Rome. You were taken prisoner by the Jews and have returned alive, unfortunately for yourself, to incur the dislike of Domitian, who has raked up a matter that otherwise never would have been mooted."

"Now," he says to Titus, "show justice and no favour, as you showed in the case of the captive Pearl-Maiden, whom you refused to the prayer of your only brother, saying that she must

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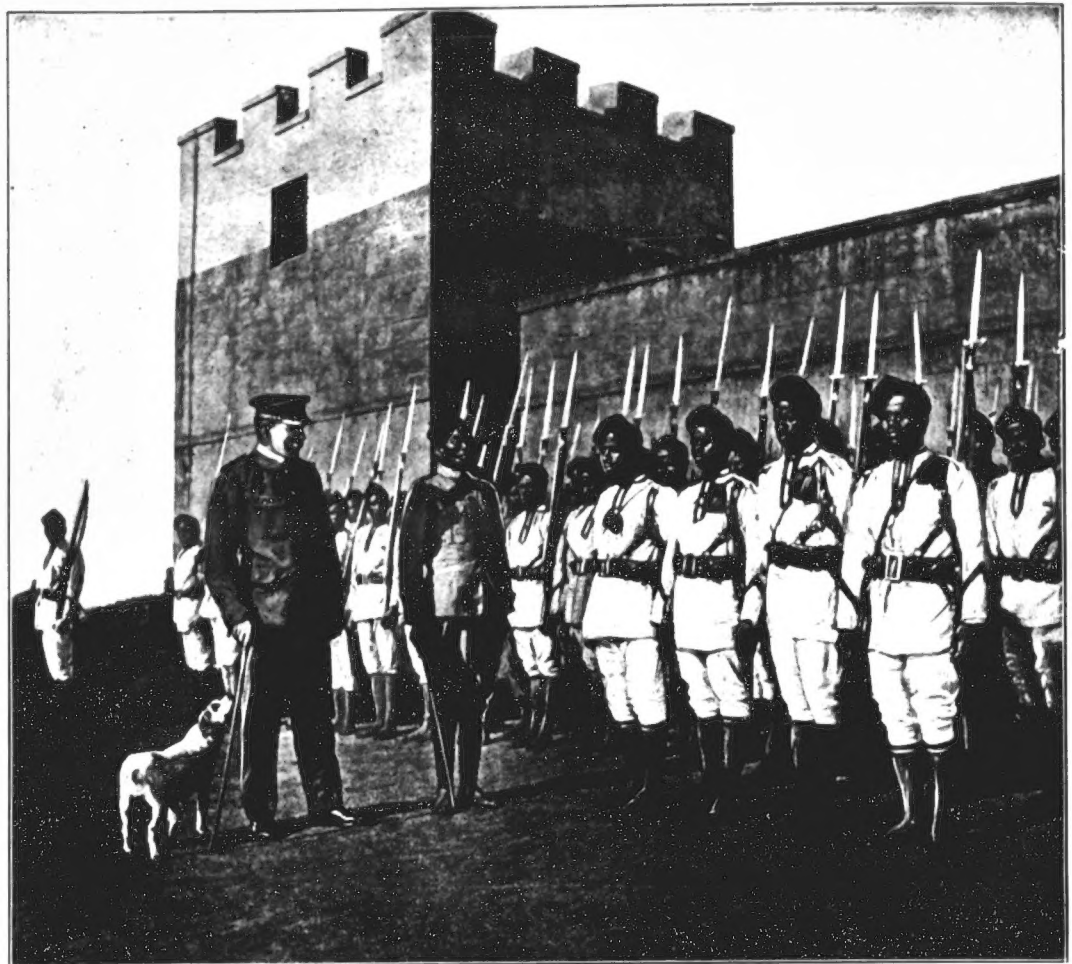
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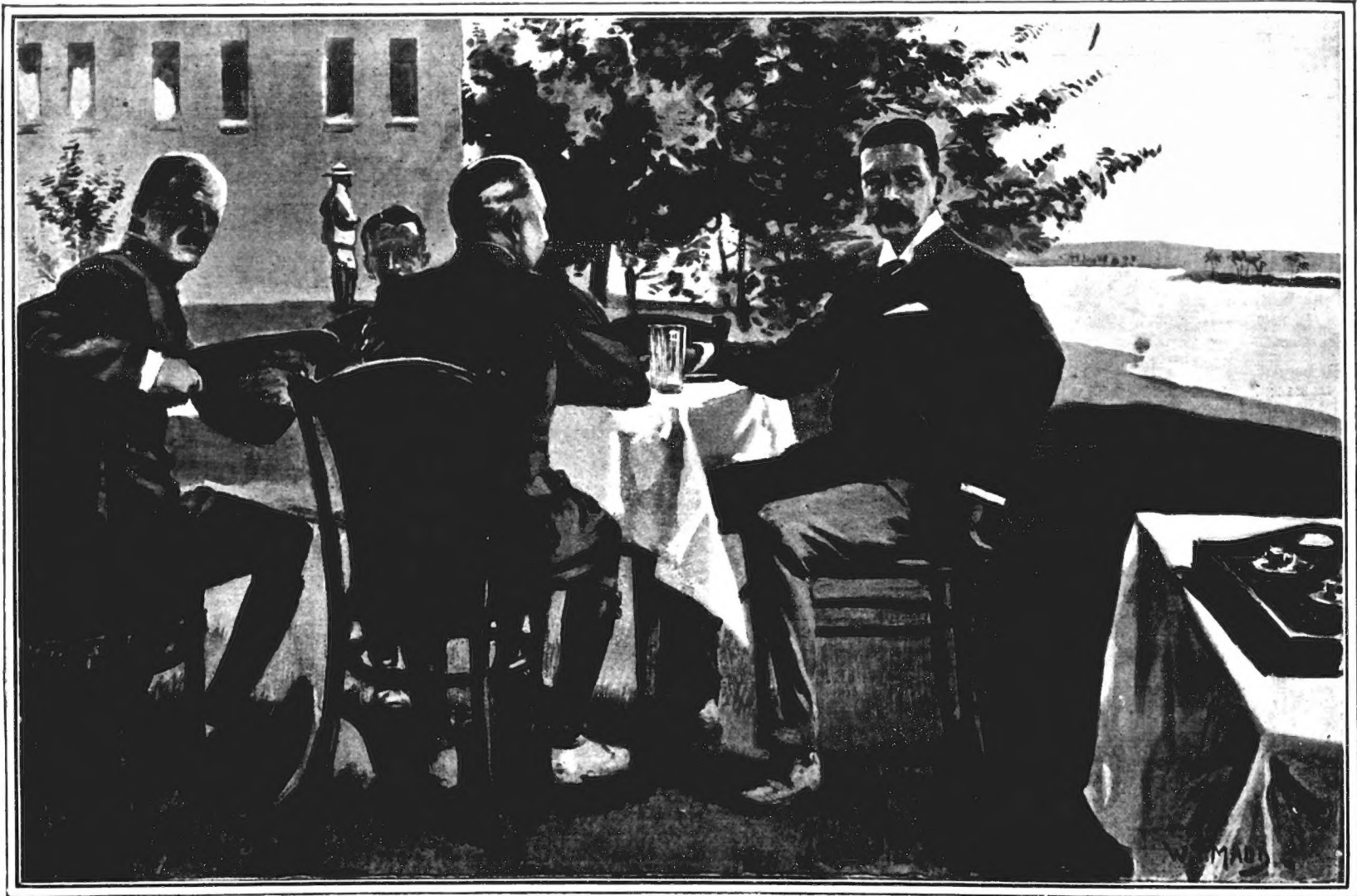
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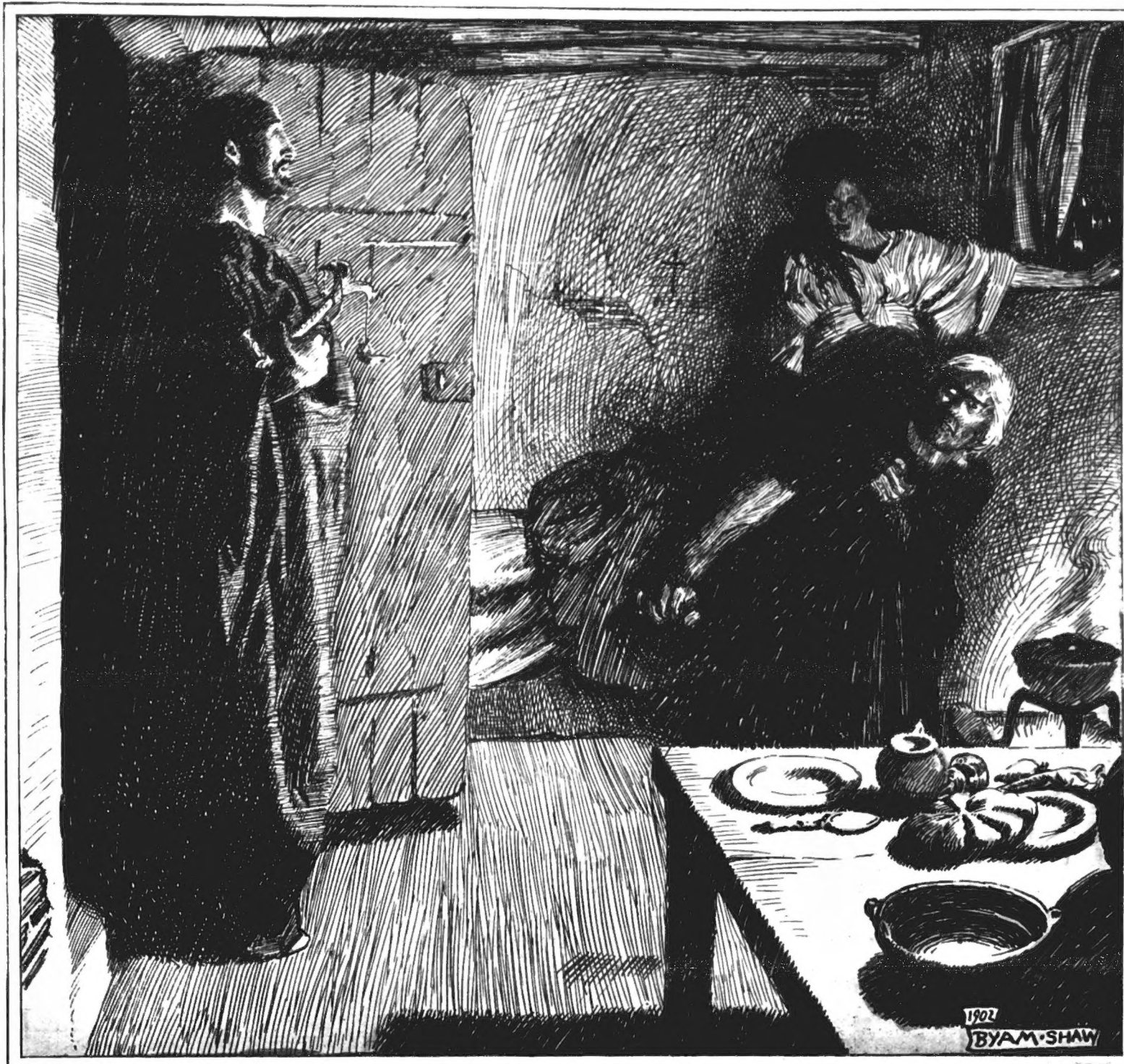
DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD

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Marcus, my mission has failed, yet I pray that the Fates may order your deliverance from your enemies, and, in reward for these persecutions, bring back to you unharmed that maiden whom you desire, but whom I go to seek. Farewell."

Two days later Stephanus, the steward of Marcus who waited upon him in his prison, announced that a man who said his name was Septimus wished speech with him, but would say nothing of his business.

"Admit him," said Marcus, "for I grow weary of my own company," and letting his head fall upon his hand he stared through the bars of his prison window.

Presently he heard a sound behind him, and looked round to see an old man clad in the robe of a master-workman, whose pure and noble face seemed in strange contrast to his garments and toil-scarred hands.

"Be seated and tell me your business," said Marcus courteously, and with a low his visitor obeyed.

"My business, my lord Marcus," he said in an educated and refined voice, "is to minister to those who are in trouble."

"Then, sir, your feet have led you aright," answered Marcus with a sad laugh, "for this is the house of trouble, and you see I am its inhabitant."

"I know and I know the cause."

Marcus looked at him curiously. "Are you a Christian, sir?" he asked. "Nay, do not fear to answer; I have friends who are Christians," and he sighed, "nor could I harm you if I would, who wish to harm none, least of all a Christian."

"My lord Marcus, I fear hurt at no man's hand, also the days of Nero have gone by and Vespasian reigns who molests us not. I am Cyril, a bishop of the Christians in Rome, and if you will hear me I am come to preach to you my faith, which, I trust, may yet be yours."

Marcus stared at him; it was to him a matter of amazement that this priest should take so much trouble for a stranger. Then a thought struck him and he asked:

"What fee do you charge for these lessons in a new religion?"

The bishop's pale face flushed.

"Sir," he answered, "if you wish to reject my message, do it without insult. I do not sell the grace of God for lucre."

Again Marcus was impressed.

"Your pardon," he said, "yet I have known priests take money, though it is true they were never of your faith. Who told you about me?"

"One, my lord Marcus, to whom you have behaved well," answered Cyril gravely.

Marcus sprang from his seat.

"Do you mean—do you mean—?" he began and paused, looking round him fearfully.

"Yes," replied the bishop in a whisper, "I mean Miriam. Fear not, she and her companion are in my charge, and for the present, safe. Seek to know no more lest perchance their secret should be wrung from you. I and her brethren in the Lord will protect her to the last."

Marcus began to pour out his thanks.

"Thank me not," interrupted Cyril, "for what is at once my duty and my joy."

"Friend Cyril," said Marcus, "the maid is in great danger. I have just learned that Domitian's spies hunt through Rome to find her, who, when she is found, will be spirited to his palace and a fate that you can guess. She must escape from Rome. Let her fly to Tyre, where she has friends and property. There, if she lies hid a while, she will be molested by none."

The bishop shook his head.

"I have thought of it," he said, "but it is scarcely possible. The officers at every port have orders to search all ships that sail with passengers, and detain any woman on them who answers to the description of her who was called Pearl-Maiden. This I know for certain, for I also have my officers, more faithful perhaps than those of Caesar," and he smiled.

"Is there then no means to get her out of Rome and across the sea?"

"I can think of only one, which would cost more money than we poor Christians can command. It is that a ship be bought in the name of some merchant and manned with sailors who can be trusted, such as I know how to find. Then she could be taken aboard at night, for on such a vessel there would be no right of search nor any to betray."

"Find the ship and trusty men and I will find the money," said Marcus, "for I still have gold at hand and the means of raising more."

"I will make inquiries," answered Cyril, "and speak with you further on the matter. Indeed it is not necessary that you should give this money, since such a ship and her cargo, if she comes there safely, should sell at a great profit in the Eastern ports. Meanwhile have no fear; in the protection of God and her brethren the maid is safe."

"I hope so," said Marcus devoutly. "Now, if you have the time to spare, tell me of this God of whom you Christians speak so much but who seems so far away from man."

"But who, in the words of the great apostle, my master, in truth is not far from any one of us," answered Cyril. "Now hearken, and may your heart be opened."

Then he began his labour of conversion, reasoning till the sun sank and it was time for the prison gates to close.

"Come to me again," said Marcus as they parted, "I would hear more."

"Of Miriam or of my message?" asked Cyril with a smile.

"Of both," answered Marcus.

Four days went by before Cyril returned. They were heavy days for Marcus, since on the morrow of the bishop's visit he had learned that as Satorius had foretold, Vespasian refused to consider his case, saying that it must abide the decision of Titus when he came back to Rome. Meanwhile, he commanded that the accused officer should remain in prison, but that no judgment should issue against him. Here, then, Marcus was doomed to lie, fretting out his heart like a lion in a cage.

From Cyril Marcus learned that Miriam was well and sent him

her greetings, since she dared neither visit him nor write. The bishop told him also that he had found a certain Grecian mariner, Hector by name, a Roman citizen, who was a Christian and faithful. This man desired to sail for the coasts of Syria, and was competent to steer a vessel thither. Also he thought that he could collect a crew of Christians and Jews who might be trusted. Lastly, he knew of several small galleys that were for sale, one of which, named the *Luna*, was a very good ship and almost new. Cyril told him, moreover, that he had seen Gallus and his wife Julia, and that these good people, having no more ties in Rome, partly because they desired to leave the city, and partly for love of Miriam, though more the second reason than the first, were willing to sell their house and goods and to sail with her to Syria.

Marcus asked how much money would be needed, and when Cyril named the sum, sent for Stephanus and commanded him to raise it and to pay it over to the craftsman Septimus, taking his receipt in discharge. This Stephanus promised to do readily enough by a certain day, believing that the gold was needed for his master's ransom. Then having settled all as well as might be, Cyril took up his tale and preached to Marcus of the Saviour of the world with great earnestness and power.

Thus the days went on, and twice or thrice in every week Cyril visited Marcus, giving him tidings and instructing him in the Faith. Now the ship *Luna* was bought and the most of her crew hired; also a cargo of such goods as would be saleable in Syria was being laid into her hold at Ostia, the Greek, Hector, giving it out that this was a private venture of his own and some other merchants. As the man was well-known for a bold trader who had bought and sold in many lands, his tale caused neither wonder nor suspicion, none knowing that the capital was furnished by the steward of the prisoner Marcus through him who passed as the master-craftsman and contractor Septimus. Indeed, until the after days, Miriam did not know this herself, for it was kept from her by the special command of Marcus, and if Nehushta guessed the truth she held her tongue.

Two full months had gone by. Marcus still languished in prison, for Titus had not yet returned to Rome, but as he learned from Cyril, Domitian wearied somewhat of his fruitless search for Miriam, although he still vowed vengeance against the rival who had robbed him. The ship *Luna* was laden and ready for sea; indeed, if the wind and weather were favourable, she was to sail within a week. Gallus and Julia, having wound up their affairs, had removed to Ostia, whither Miriam was to be brought secretly on the night of the sailing of the *Luna*. Marcus was now at heart a Christian, but as yet had refused to accept baptism. This matters stood when Cyril visited the prison bringing with him Miriam's farewell message to her lover. It was very short.

"Tell Marcus," she said, "that I go because he bids me, and that I know not whether we shall meet again. Say that perhaps it is best that we should not meet, since for reasons which he knows, even if he should still wish it, we may not marry. Say that in life or death I am his, and his only, and that until my last hour my thought and prayer will be for him. May he be delivered from all those troubles which, as I fear, I have brought upon him, through no will of mine. May he forgive me for them and let my love and gratitude make some amends for all that I have done amiss."

To this Marcus answered. "Tell Miriam that from my heart I thank her for her message, and that my desire is that she should be gone from Rome so soon as may be, since here danger dogs her steps. Tell her that although it is true that mine has brought me shame and sorrow, still I give her love for love, and that if I come living from my prison I will follow her to Tyre and speak further of these matters. If I die, I pray that good fortune may attend her and that from time to time she will make the offering of an hour's thought to the spirit which once was Marcus."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE LAMP

IF Domitian at length slackened in his fruitless search for Miriam, Caleb, whose whole heart was in the hunt, proved more diligent. Still he could find no trace of her. At first he made sure that if she was in Rome she would return to visit her friends and protectors, Gallus and his wife, and in the hope of thus discovering her, Caleb caused a constant watch to be kept on their abode. But Miriam never came there, nor, although their footsteps were dogged from day to day, did they lead him to her, since in truth Julia and Miriam met only in the catacombs where he and his spies dared not venture. Soon, however, Gallus discovered that his home was kept under observation and its inmates tracked from place to place. It was this knowledge indeed which, more than any other circumstance, brought him to make up his mind to depart from Rome and dwell in Syria, since he said that he would no longer live in a city where night by night he and his were hunted like jackals. But when he left for Ostia, to wait there till the ship *Luna* was ready, Caleb followed him, and in that small town soon found out all his plans, learning that he meant to sail with his wife in the vessel. Then, as he could hear nothing of Miriam, he returned to Rome.

After all it was by chance that he discovered her and not through his own cleverness. Needing a lamp for his chamber, he entered a shop where such things were sold, and examined those that the merchant offered to him. Presently he perceived one of the strange design of two palms with intertwining trunks, and feathery heads nodding apart, having a lamp hanging by a little chain from the topmost frond of each of them. The shape of the trees struck him as familiar, and he let his eye run down their stems until it reached the base, which, to support so tall a piece, was large. Yes, the palms grew upon a little bank, and there beneath the water rippled, while between bank and water was a long smooth stone, pointed at one end. Then in a flash Caleb recognised the place, as well he might, seeing that on many and many an evening had he and Miriam sat side by side upon that stone, angling for fish in the muddy stream of Jordan. There was no doubt about it, and, look! half hidden in the shadow of the stone lay a great fish, the biggest

that ever he had caught—he could swear to it, for its back fin was split.

A mist came before Caleb's eyes and in it across the years he saw himself a boy again. There he stood, his rod of reed bent double and the thin line strained to breaking, while on the waters of Jordan a great fish splashed and rolled.

"I cannot pull him in," he cried. "The line will never bear it, and the bank is steep. Oh! Miriam, we shall lose him!"

Then there was a splash, and, behold! the girl at his side had sprung into the swiftly running river. Though its waters, reaching to her neck, washed her down the stream, she hugged to her young breast that great, slippery fish, yes, and gripped its back fin between her teeth, till with the aid of his reed rod he drew them both to land.

"I will buy that lamp," said Caleb presently. "The design pleases me. What artist made it?"

The merchant shrugged his shoulders.

"Sir, I do not know," he answered. "These goods are supplied to us with many others, such as joinery and carving, by one Septimus, who is a contractor and, they say, a head priest among the Christians, employing many hands at his shops in the poor streets yonder. One or more of them must be designers of taste, since of late we have received from him some lamps of great beauty."

Then the man was called away to attend to another customer and Caleb paid for his lamp.

That evening at dusk Caleb, bearing the lamp in his hand, found his way to the workshop of Septimus, only to discover that the part of the factory where lamps were moulded was already closed. A girl who had just shut the door, seeing him stand perplexed before it, asked civilly if she could help him.

"Maiden," he answered, "I am in trouble who wish to find her who moulded this lamp, so that I may order others, but am told that she has left her work for the day."

"Yes," said the maiden, looking at the lamp, which evidently she recognised. "It is pretty, is it not? Well, cannot you return to-morrow?"

"Alas! no, I expect to be leaving Rome for a while, so I fear that I must go elsewhere."

The girl reflected to herself that it would be a pity if the order were lost, and with it the commission which she might divide with the maker of the lamp. "It is against the rules, but I will show you where she lives," she said, "and if she is there, which is probable, for I have never seen her or her companion go out at night, you can tell her your wishes."

Caleb thanked the girl and followed her through sundry tortuous lanes to a court surrounded by old houses.

"If you go in there," she said, pointing to a certain doorway, "and climb to the top of the stairs, I forget whether there are three or four flights, you will find the makers of the lamp in the roof-rooms—oh! sir, I thank you, but I expected nothing. Good-night."

At length Caleb stood at the head of the stairs, which were both steep, narrow, and in the dark hard to climb. Before him, at the end of a rickety landing, a small ill-fitting door stood ajar. There was a light within the room beyond, and from it came a sound of voices. Caleb crept up to the door and listened, for as the floor below was untenanted he knew that none could see him. Pending down he looked through the space between the door and its framework and his heart stood still. There, standing full in the lamp-light, clothed in a pure white robe, for her rough working dress lay upon a stool beside her, was Miriam herself, her elbow leaning on the curtained window-place. She was talking to Nehushta, who, her back bent almost double over a little charcoal fire, was engaged in cooking their supper.

"Think," she was saying, "only think, Nou, our last night in this hateful city, and then, instead of that stifling workshop and the terror of Domitian, the open sea and the fresh salt wind and nobody to fear but God. *Luna*! Is it not a beautiful name for a ship? I can see her all silver—"

"Peace," said Nehushta. "Are you mad, girl, to talk so loud? I thought I heard a sound upon the stairs just now."

"It is only the rats," answered Miriam cheerfully. "No one ever comes up here. I tell you that were it not for Marcus I could weep with joy."

Caleb crept back to the head of the stairs and down several steps, which he began to re-ascend noisily, grumbling at their gloom and steepness. Then, before the women even had time to shut the door, he thrust it wide and walked straight into the room.

"Your pardon," he began, then added quietly, "Why, Miriam, when we parted on the Gate Nicanor, who could have foretold that we should live to meet again here in a Roman attic? And you, Nehushta! Why, we were separated in the fray outside the Temple walls, though, indeed, I think I saw you in a strange place some months ago, namely, the slave-ring on the Forum."

"Caleb," asked Miriam in a hollow voice, "what is your business here?"

"Well, Miriam, I began with a desire for a replica of this lamp, which reminds me of a spot familiar to my childhood. Do you remember it? Now that I have found who is the lamp's maker—"

"Cease fooling," broke in Nehushta. "Bird of ill-omen, you have come to drag your prey back to the shame and ruin which she has escaped."

"I was not always called thus," answered Caleb, flushing, "when I rescued you from the house at Tyre for instance, or when I risked my life, Miriam, to throw you the food upon the Gate Nicanor. Nay, I come to save you from Domitian—"

"And to take her for yourself," answered Nehushta. "Oh! we Christians also have eyes to see and ears to hear, and, black-hearted traitor that you are, we know all your shame. We know of your bargain with the chamberlain of Domitian, by which the body of the slave was to be the price of the life of her buyer. We know how you swore away the honour of your rival, Marcus, with false testimony, and how from week to week you have quartered Rome as a culture quarters the sky till at length you have smelt out the quarry. Well, she is helpless, but One is strong, and may His vengeance fall upon your life and soul, dastard and traitor that you are!"

Suddenly Nehushta's voice, that had risen to a scream, died away, and she stood before him threatening him with her bony fists, and searching his face with her burning eyes, a vengeance incarnate.

"Peace, woman, peace," said Caleb, shrinking back before her. "Spare your reproaches; if I have sinned much it is because I have loved more."

"And hate most of all," added Nehushta.

"Oh! Caleb," broke in Miriam, "if as you say you love me, why should you deal thus with me? You know well that I do not love you after this sort, no, and never can, and even if you keep me from Domitian, who does but make a tool of you, what would it advantage you to take a woman who leaves her heart elsewhere? Also I may never marry you for that same reason that I may not marry Marcus, because my faith is and must remain apart from yours. Would you make a base slave of your old playmate, Caleb? Would you bring her to the level of a dancing-girl? Oh! let me go in peace."

"Upon the ship *Luna*," said Caleb sullenly.

Miriam gasped. So he knew all!

"Yes," she replied desperately, "upon the ship *Luna*, to find such a fate as Heaven may give me; at least to be at peace and free. For your soul's sake, Caleb, let me go. Once years ago you swore that you would not force yourself upon me against my will. Will you break that oath to-day?"

"I swore also, Miriam, that it should go ill with any man who came between you and me. Shall I break that oath to-day? Give yourself to me of your own will and save Marcus. Refuse and I will bring him to his death. Choose now between me and your lover's life."

"Are you a coward that you should lay such a choice upon me, Caleb?"

"Call me what you will. Choose."

Miriam clasped her hands and for a moment stood looking upwards. Then a light of purpose seemed to grow upon her face and she answered:

"Caleb, I have chosen. Do your worst. The fate of Marcus is not in my hands, or your hands, but in the Hands of God; nor, unless He wills it, can one hair of his head be harmed by you or by Domitian. For is it not written in the book of your own Law that 'the King's heart is in the hand of the Lord, He turneth it whithersoever He will.' But my honour is my own, and to stain it would be a sin for which I alone must answer to Heaven and to Marcus, dead or living. Marcus, who would curse and spit upon me did I attempt to buy his safety at such a price."

"Is that your last word, Miriam?"

"It is. If it pleases you by false witness and by murder to destroy the man who once spared you, then if such a thing be suffered, have your will and reap its dreadful fruits. I make no bargain with you, for myself or for him—do your worst to both of us."

Then Nehushta rose to her feet.

"Fool!" she said, "fool, to trust to that man of double moods, whose mercy to-night will be vengeance to-morrow. Oh! you are undone! Alas! you are undone!"

Regaining his feet Caleb looked at her contemptuously.

"Had you stabbed she might have been undone indeed," he said. "Now, as of old, there is little wisdom in that grey head of yours, Nehushta; now can your hate suffer you to understand the intermingled good and evil of my heart." Then he advanced to Miriam, lifted her hand and kissed it. With a sudden movement she proffered him her brow.

"Nay," he said, "tempt me not, it is not for me. Farewell."

Another instant and he was gone.

(To be concluded)

Our Portraits

THE Grand Duke William Ernest of Saxe-Weimar, whose betrothal to Princess Caroline of Reuss has been announced, is the grandson of the late Grand Duke Charles Alexander, who died last year. His Royal Highness lost his father, the hereditary Grand Duke, in 1894. He was born in 1876, his mother, who is still living, being a cousin of his father. Like all the German Princes, the Grand Duke is a soldier. He is a colonel of Prussian Guards, and holds a number of honorary commands in Saxony and one in



PRINCESS CAROLINE OF REUSS
Betrothed to the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar



THE GRAND DUKE OF SAXE-WEIMAR
Betrothed to Princess Caroline of Reuss

His first command as flag officer was in the East Indies. Coming home in 1899, he was appointed a Lord of the Admiralty, and in June last left Whitehall for Halifax, to take over the command of the ships in North American and West Indian waters. Our portrait is by Russell & Sons, Southsea.

Captain Montague Edward Browning, captain of Admiral Douglas's flagship, the *Arriadne*, was born in 1863. He received his commission as a lieutenant in 1885, and was made a commander in 1897. During the Egyptian War of 1882 he was acting sub-lieutenant of the *Carysfort*, when he received the Egyptian medal and the Khedive's bronze star. He lost his left hand by an accident on board the *Inflexible* in 1889. Captain Browning acted as secretary to the Parliamentary Committee on water-tube boilers in 1900. He was appointed to his present rank at the commencement of this year. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Southsea.

Professor John Young, M.D., was sixty-seven years of age. He was from 1860 to 1866 employed on the geological survey, and from 1866 was Keeper of the Hunterian Museum and Professor of Natural History and Honeyman Gillespie Lecturer on Geology at Glasgow University. In 1893 Professor Young was president of the Educational Institute of Scotland, and in 1876 was president of one of the sections of the British Association. He was the author of a "Physical Geography" and of many addresses and papers in scientific journals. Dr. Young retired from the Glasgow University, owing to failing health, some months ago. Our portrait is by Maclure, Macdonald and Co., Glasgow.

Señor Sagasta, the veteran Spanish statesman, who resigned the other day, has long been recognised as the Grand Old Man in Spanish politics, and his name has prominently figured in connection with his country during the last thirty years. It is now close upon half a century since he made his *début* as a politician, and during that long period he has displayed an activity which few of the older school of European statesmen could parallel. How many times he has been Premier it would be difficult to say without a careful examination of the complicated changes of Spanish history since 1870. A round dozen would certainly not be an exaggerated number. He was a colleague of Prim, and several times Prime Minister under King Amadeus. He was Minister of Foreign Affairs during the interregnum under Serrano, and a devoted adviser of Alfonso XII., whose widow and son he also faithfully served. In the darkest hour of modern Spanish history, when it became necessary to find a statesman who would formally accept the bitter results of the war with the United States, he did not hesitate to accept office. His greatest service to his country, however, has been the creation and organisation of the



SEÑOR SAGASTA
The retiring Spanish Premier



SEÑOR SILVELA
The new Spanish Premier



THE LATE PROFESSOR JOHN YOUNG
Late of Glasgow University



VICE-ADMIRAL SIR ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS
In Command of the North American and West Indies Squadron



CAPTAIN M. E. BROWNING, R.N.
Commanding Sir A. Douglas's flagship, the *Arriadne*

"So be it," said Caleb with a bitter laugh, "but I think that the ship *Luna* will lack her fairest passenger."

Miriam sank down upon a seat and covered her face with her hands, a piteous sight in her misery, and the terror which, notwithstanding her bold words, she could not conceal. Caleb walked to the door and paused there, while the white-haired Nehushta stood by the brazier of charcoal and watched them both with her fierce eyes. Presently Caleb glanced round at Miriam crouched by the window and a strange new look came into his face.

"I cannot do it," he said slowly, each word falling heavily from his lips like single rain-drops from a cloud, or the slow blood from a mortal wound.

Miriam let her hands slip from her face and stared at him.

"Miriam," he said, "you are right; I have sinned against you and this man Marcus. Now I will expiate my sin. Your secret is safe with me, and since you hate me I will never see you more. Miriam, we look upon each other for the last time. Further, if I can, I will work for the deliverance of Marcus and help him to join you in Tyre, whither the *Luna* is bound—is she not? Farewell."

Once again he turned to go, but it would seem that his eyes were blinded, or his brain was dulled by the agony that worked within. At least Caleb caught his foot in the ancient uneven boards, stumbled, and fell heavily upon his face. Instantly, with a low hiss of hate and a spring like that of a cat, Nehushta was upon him. Thrusting her knees into his back she seized the nape of his neck with her left hand and with her right drew a dagger from her bosom.

"Forbear!" said Miriam. "Touch him with that knife and we part for ever. Nay, I mean it. I myself will hand you to the officer, even if he hales me to Domitian."

Russia. He is very rich. His bride, the Princess Caroline Elizabeth Ida of Reuss, is the third daughter of Prince Henry XXIV., of the senior branch of the house of Reuss. Another member of the Reuss family, belonging to one of the junior branches, Prince Henry VII., the well-known diplomatist who signed the first treaty of the Triple Alliance on behalf of Germany, is married to the Grand Duke's aunt, the Princess Marie of Saxe-Weimar. The Princess Caroline of Reuss is in her nineteenth year. She is very pretty, and in her native town of Buckeburg is universally beloved. Our portrait of the Grand Duke is by Hild, Weimar, and that of Princess Caroline by Fritz, Greiz.

Vice-Admiral Sir Archibald Douglas, who is in command of the North American and West Indies Squadron, is a Canadian by birth. He is sixty years of age, and joined the Navy at the age of fourteen. He served as midshipman and lieutenant in the *Arrogant*, and was present at all the engagements of her boats and Naval Brigade upon the rivers Congo and Gambia during her commission on the coast of Africa. While gunnery-lieutenant of the *Aurora* he commanded a gunboat on the lakes of Canada during the Fenian invasion in 1866. After acting as instructor in the use of Harvey's torpedo to the Channel and Reserve Fleets in 1872, he was selected by the Admiralty to proceed to Japan as Commander of the Naval Mission to instruct the Japanese Navy. He served as director of the Imperial Japanese Naval College in Yedo for two years, receiving the thanks of the Emperor of Japan and approval of his services from the Admiralty. He was captain of the *Serapis* during the naval and military operations in the Sudan, 1884, and in later years was successively a member and then vice-president of the Ordnance Committee.

party of Constitutional Liberals. It is this party which has done more than any other force in Spanish politics to assure the stability of the Monarchy, and thus to rescue the country from the era of pronunciamientos into which it seemed to be drifting a quarter of a century ago. Señor Sagasta is now in his seventy-sixth year.

Señor Francisco Silvela, who has been called upon to follow Señor Sagasta as Prime Minister, is the brother of the former Minister Manuel Silvela. Respected throughout Spain for his integrity and the nobility of his character, he became after the death of his brother in 1892 the chief of a new party, known as the *Disidente* or Young Conservatives, the object of which was to dilute the old Spanish Toryism with a strong dash of Liberalism. Señor Silvela is at once a brilliant orator and a writer of marked talent. His services to literature earned him in 1898 the membership of the Spanish Academy. Señor Silvela is a native of Madrid, and a lawyer by profession. When he was a little more than a boy he was called to the Madrid bar, and almost at once made a name by his splendid eloquence. From the bar he passed rapidly to the Cortes, where he took his seat among the Conservatives. Two years ago, on the resignation of Señor Sagasta after the cession of the Philippines, Señor Silvela was sent for by the Queen Regent and succeeded in forming a Cabinet. He held office until the following October, when, owing to differences among his colleagues, he resigned, and was succeeded by General Azcaraga. The new Cabinet lasted only a few months, and Señor Silvela was again asked to accept the Premiership, but he declined. Señor Sagasta then took office again, and on his recent retirement Señor Silvela consented for a second time to assume charge of public affairs.

STUDY OF A TOURIST (BRITISH).
ABOUT TO FEED THE
PIGEONS FROM HIS HAT
HANDS & BREAST POCKET.



UNADULTERATED
BUSS.



FROM THE WILD WEST.
MUMMA. WHY POPPA IF THAT DON'T JUST MAKE YOU LOOK
REAL BULLY. SAY MARIE
JUST SNAP AROUND. - POPPA
YOU STAY RIGHT THERE!



A MORNING SCENE IN THE
PIAZZA OF SAN MARCO



A CONFIDENCE TRICK



A BREACH OF THE PEACE

The pigeons of St. Mark's, Venice, would, if they could talk, vote the tourists their best friends and the Venetian boys their worst enemies. The birds show their appreciation of the kindness of the visitors by being extremely tame and displaying unbounded confidence. They will not only perch all over anyone

who comes with food, but will polish their beaks on his boots after their meal. So much are the pigeons recognised as a source of entertainment to visitors that quite a brisk trade in halfpenny packets of Indian corn is done in the Piazza

FEEDING THE PIGEONS IN THE PIAZZA OF SAN MARCO, VENICE

DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVER



DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

A Correspondent writes: "Prince Louis of Battenberg's squadron of the Mediterranean Fleet, now at Crete, the other day gave a gymnkhana at Suda Bay, which was attended by Prince George of Greece. Many nationalities took part in the sports. One of the most popular events was a wrestling bout on lathered horses by British bluejackets."

BLUEJACKETS ASHORE: A NOVEL EVENT IN A GYMKNHANA AT SUDA BAY

FROM A SKETCH BY A. GANCHOSE WILSON, R.N.



DES. "And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then,
When your eyes roll so! Why I should fear I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet, I feel I fear."
OTH. "Think on thy sins."
DES. "They are loves I bear to you."
OTH. "Ay, and for that thou diest."

MR. FORBES ROBERTSON AND MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT IN "OTHELLO" AT THE LYRIC THEATRE

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

"Othello" at the Lyric

BY W. MOY THOMAS

SINCE the elder Dumas propounded his famous theory of the two typical Othellos, people have amused themselves with discussing the question whether Shakespeare's Moor should be presented as a high-spirited and chivalrous soldier, whose habitual nobility of mind and bearing is only overthrown by his loss of faith in the fidelity of Desdemona; or as an "Oriental savage" with "a thin veneer of civilisation," the disappearance of which suddenly reveals him in all his native ferocity. Mr. Forbes Robertson's Othello, seen for the first time in London at the LYRIC Theatre on Monday evening, may be described as a compromise between these conflicting, incompatible portraits. Nothing could be more dignified, more suggestive of habitual self-restraint and the habit of command, than the scene in which he quells the tumult raised by old Brabantio and his followers; nothing more tender, more gracefully fervid than the attentions that he lavishes upon Desdemona when the sympathetic judgment of the Duke, absolving him from the charge of employing the arts of witchcraft, sets him free to take "the gentle lady" to his arms. The great speech to the Senate was also delivered with a calm

furniture, draws his dagger as if only strongly tempted to stab him. The most determined purists will probably not complain that Mr. Robertson conforms to the deeply rooted custom of playing the Moor in Moorish costume—white turban and burnous included, though a commander-in-chief of the forces of the Republic of Venice, who had so thoroughly identified himself with the country of his adoption, would, as Dumas long ago observed, assuredly have worn the Venetian uniform. Unfortunately, the mad whirl of passion in which Mr. Robertson's Moor is carried along in the later scenes, though broken here and there, seems to weaken the overwhelming pathos of the last two acts, and though the spectators were startled and excited to their heart's content, it is probable that few representations of Othello have been less potent in drawing tears. This result, however, is not to be imputed in and degree to Miss Gertrude Elliott, whose Desdemona is a delightful creation of purity and tenderness, or to Miss Lena Ashwell, whose Emilia is an impersonation of great power. Mr. Herbert Waring's Iago disappoints by a certain lack of the imaginative quality. An excellent piece of acting is Mr. Sydney Valentine's Brabantio, and Mr. Ian Robertson was able to impart character to the venerable figure of the Duke, while Mr. Ben Webster played with force and spirit the part of Cassio.

village, which seems as inaccessible as an eagle's nest. But presently we find that steep and narrow paths lead to every part of the village. The caves are on different levels, there sometimes being as many as three or four tiers of them opening on to uneven terraces that lie one above another. I was taking a photograph when a charming old woman, with a clean white handkerchief over her head and a long blue apron tied round her waist, came to the gate by which I was standing, and asked me if I would like to see her house. It was just the opportunity I needed, and, going inside, I found two pretty grandchildren, which gave me an excuse for asking to be allowed to take a picture of the interior. The room was large, some twenty-five feet square, neatly plastered and comfortably furnished. It was even not more dark than many cottages, though the lighting was, of course, all from the front, and it had the advantage, as the old lady told me, of being warm in winter and cold in summer. My friends had two of these dwellings next to each other, both opening on their irregular little shelf of a garden, which was a perfect rainbow of flowers. One of the caves was for their own use, the other served as a guest-chamber.

I asked Madame how long these caves had been inhabited, and she shook her head, saying that "she could not tell," but that they



The stage of the Vaudeville Theatre was at the close of the performance of *Quality Street* on Thursday night, last week, the scene of a very picturesque ceremony. Recently Mr. Seymour Hicks and Miss Ellaline Terriss, with the whole of their company, gave, by the King's command, a performance of Mr. Barrie's play at Windsor Castle. On that occasion the Queen showed a kindly interest in the juvenile members of the cast. As an additional proof of her interest in them Her Majesty on Thursday sent special messengers to the theatre with the great cake which was made at Sandringham in honour of her birthday, with the expressed wish that it should be given to the children who performed before her

at Sandringham. When the curtain had fallen on the play, the cake, which was so large that two men were required to carry it, was brought on the stage, and one of Her Majesty's messengers cut it up with a sword. All the actors and actresses, in their picturesque costumes, were grouped in the "Drawing Room" in which the final scene of the play is enacted. As soon as the cake was cut, Miss Ellaline Terriss stepped to the table, and handed to each member of the company a piece in turn. When the distribution was over glasses were produced, and in response to a call from Mr. Seymour Hicks the Queen's health was drunk with enthusiasm.

DRINKING THE QUEEN'S HEALTH AFTER CUTTING HER MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY CAKE AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE

DRAWN BY D. MACPHERSON

self-possession which was deeply impressive. On the other hand, his uncontrollable explosions of jealousy after the scene of Iago's dark insinuations certainly savour of Eastern savagery. Mr. Robertson restores the scene of Bianca and the handkerchief, which has been injudiciously omitted in some stage versions. Fechter was wont here to conceal himself behind a tapestry, whence he listened to the significant colloquy between Cassio and his irrepressible mistress. Mr. Robertson goes further and provides the Moor with a long arched gallery crossing the back of the stage, where the Moor can be discerned rushing again and again to and fro and furtively peeping between the columns with something more than the restless activity of a tiger in his cage. This transformation arises, of course, from the moment when Iago has finally aroused the suspicions of the Moor, and here it may be noted that Mr. Robertson does not follow the example of his great predecessor Salvini, who, in conformity with the tradition of the French and Italian stages, marked in this scene the climax of his frenzy by knocking down his "Ancient" and planting one foot upon his prostrate body. The outrage is objectionable, and, as often pointed out, it does injury to the very foundations of the play; but Mr. Robertson, like Mr. Wilson Barrett, adopts the incident in a modified form, and simply throwing Iago upon some article of

The Oldest Village in Europe

By FRANCES M. GOSTLING

ON the banks of the Loire, some seven miles above Tours, the low limestone cliffs closing in upon the river from the North are pigeon-holed with caves. From the base almost to the summit they are found, hidden by vines and flowering shrubs, approached by steep paths cut in the rock, lying tier above tier, these curious human dens. A stranger driving along the road below might easily pass without notice the chimneys which, rising from among the vines, are almost the only signs of the village. And yet it is quite a populous place, this Roche Corbon, and with its neighbour, Mont Louis, one of the very earliest human settlements in Europe.

I had heard of those ancient inhabited cliffs that stretch for miles along the Loire, and being at Tours last July, started one blazing Sunday afternoon towards Roche Corbon, which forms one of the best examples, though they are found elsewhere. As we stand by the side of the line and see the cliffs towering steeply above us, with puffs of white smoke coming apparently from the rock itself, and here and there a window-pane glinting high up in the sunshine, we ask each other how we are to reach this strange

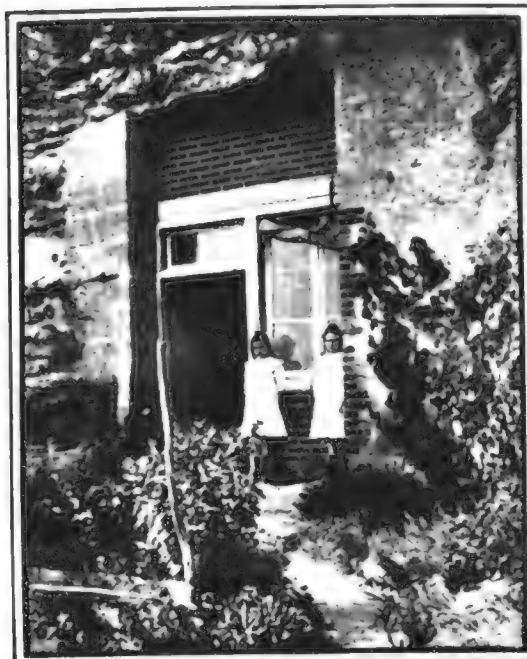
were very old, and that her people had always lived there. And, indeed, I believe that she spoke the truth, for though the village possessed no history like its neighbours, Tours and Amboise, it is almost certain that when these towns were nothing but forest land, Roche Corbon was a thriving settlement inhabited by the wild, skin-clad, black-eyed little ancestors of my friends M. and M^{me}. Galais. If one looks at a map of Europe showing the area of the great glaciers that once covered it, one will see that certain parts—river valleys mostly—were left bare, and of these the Loire district was one. Down these valleys rushed enormous rivers, of which those of to-day are mere trickling remnants, filling to overflowing the great bed, grinding out the sides, and as they sank lower forming the terraces that one sees in such cliffs as those at Roche Corbon. The water, too, found out the soft places in the rock, and wore them into caves and shelters. Now these cliffs on the Loire must have been some of the first in which man took refuge during the Glacial Period. He was always a chilly animal, and these caves faced south; they were also near the river in which were fish, and there were great forests close at hand full of game. Thus in these caves man made one of his first settlements, for he found it an altogether desirable place to live in. So by degrees, as he grew more cunning than they, he turned out the bears and hyænas who had formerly



THE VILLAGE OF ROCHE CORBON



INSIDE A ROCK DWELLING



OUTSIDE A ROCK DWELLING

THE OLDEST VILLAGE IN EUROPE: CAVE DWELLINGS ON THE LOIRE

lived there (being sometimes in turn evicted himself and took possession of the caves).

That was the founding of Roche Corbon.

From that time to the present, Roche Corbon has seen many stirring times. Henry the First and the great Becket met at Mont Louis opposite, and rode thence together in Royal State to the castle of Amboise. What a pageant that must have been for Roche Corbon! Then it has seen our brave Black Prince many times, and Jeanne d'Arc at the head of her men. It heard the bell toll for Louis II., and witnessed the coming of Charles VIII. from his prison home at Amboise. Past Roche Corbon, too, came Mary of Scotland and her young husband Francis, and that "pale horror," Catherine de Medici, with the handsome Duc de Guise. Then during the massacres of the Huguenots and the coming of Henry of Navarre there were anxious times for the little Roche Corbon, lying hidden among its vineyards, and many were the poor Huguenots, flying for their lives, whom it sheltered in its friendly caves. And now it has sunk into a sunny and peaceful old age, like my friends M. and Mme. Galais. I look at the little guest-chamber, with its clean white bed and sunny window, and wonder whether I shall ask my hostess to let me come and board with her next spring, to eat her cabbage soup and delicious omelettes (I know she makes delicious omelettes), and hear her stories of the pretty daughter who left her cavern home to marry the Parisian shop-keeper. But I am afraid the ghosts of the early cave-dwellers would keep me awake with their wild revelry, and that, instead of the roasting of coffee, I should smell their terrible refuse heaps, so I say nothing to Mme. Galais, but turn to admire the children.

They are so pretty in their white dresses and smart boots, and hair screwed up into little knobs like handles to lift them by. M. Gallais refuses to be photographed, much to my regret, for he is the typical cave-dweller, dark, watchful, morose as though from having lived too long in the shadow; but Madame and the children are delighted—it is quite a diversion.

"Posez-vous, mes enfants. Posez-vous," cries Mme. Galais, hastily placing some glasses on the old oak table to give it a more natural aspect, and then they seat themselves and stare at me. They sit like statues, and if I had need of a five minutes' exposure I believe I might have it. Click goes the shutter. I smile, and intimate that the sitting is over.

"Mon Dieu," cries Madame in amazement, "c'est fini?"

"Mais oui," I tell her, "c'est fini," and proceed to shut up the camera.

"Merci, Madame," then say I.

"Pour rien, Madame," says she; and after this interchange of civility, I take down her name in order to send her a copy of the photograph if it turns out well.

"Adieu," we say, shaking hands heartily all round, and then, turning to the children, I hesitate and take out my purse.

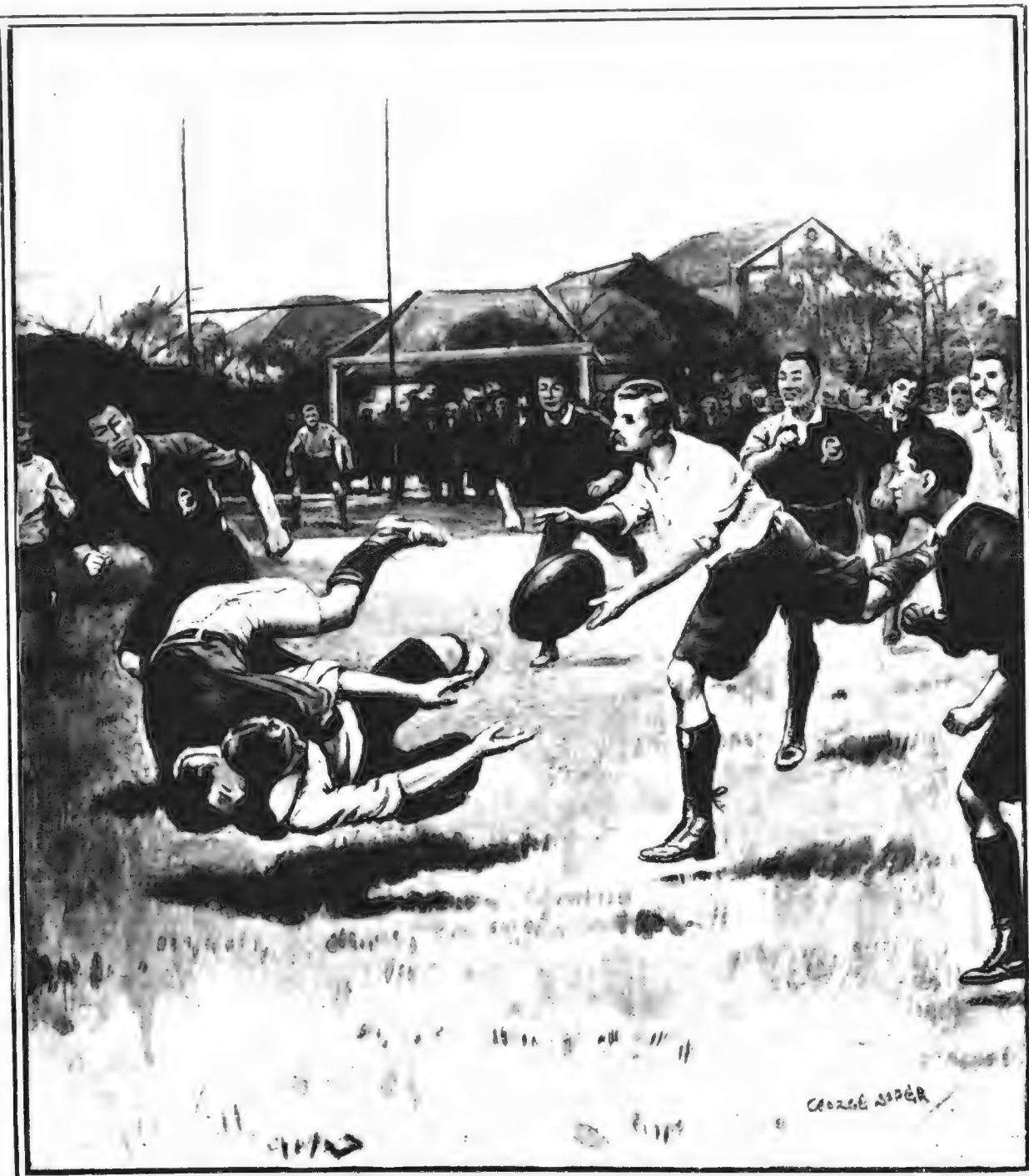
But Madame shakes her head forbiddingly.

"But the children," I remonstrate; "without doubt, it is permitted that the children eat bonbons."

"Eh—h?" cries Madame, breaking into an indulgent smile. "Bonbons, for example. Eh bien, a few sous, then, for bonbons," and as each little brown hand closes over the half-franc, she adds:

"Embrassez-vous donc Madame, mes enfants," and each little girl embraces me shyly and prettily on both cheeks.

Then, with many good wishes and *au revoir*, we make our way, with backward lingering glances, down the steep cliff-side to the tramway, and are soon in the hot crowded car steaming back towards Tours.

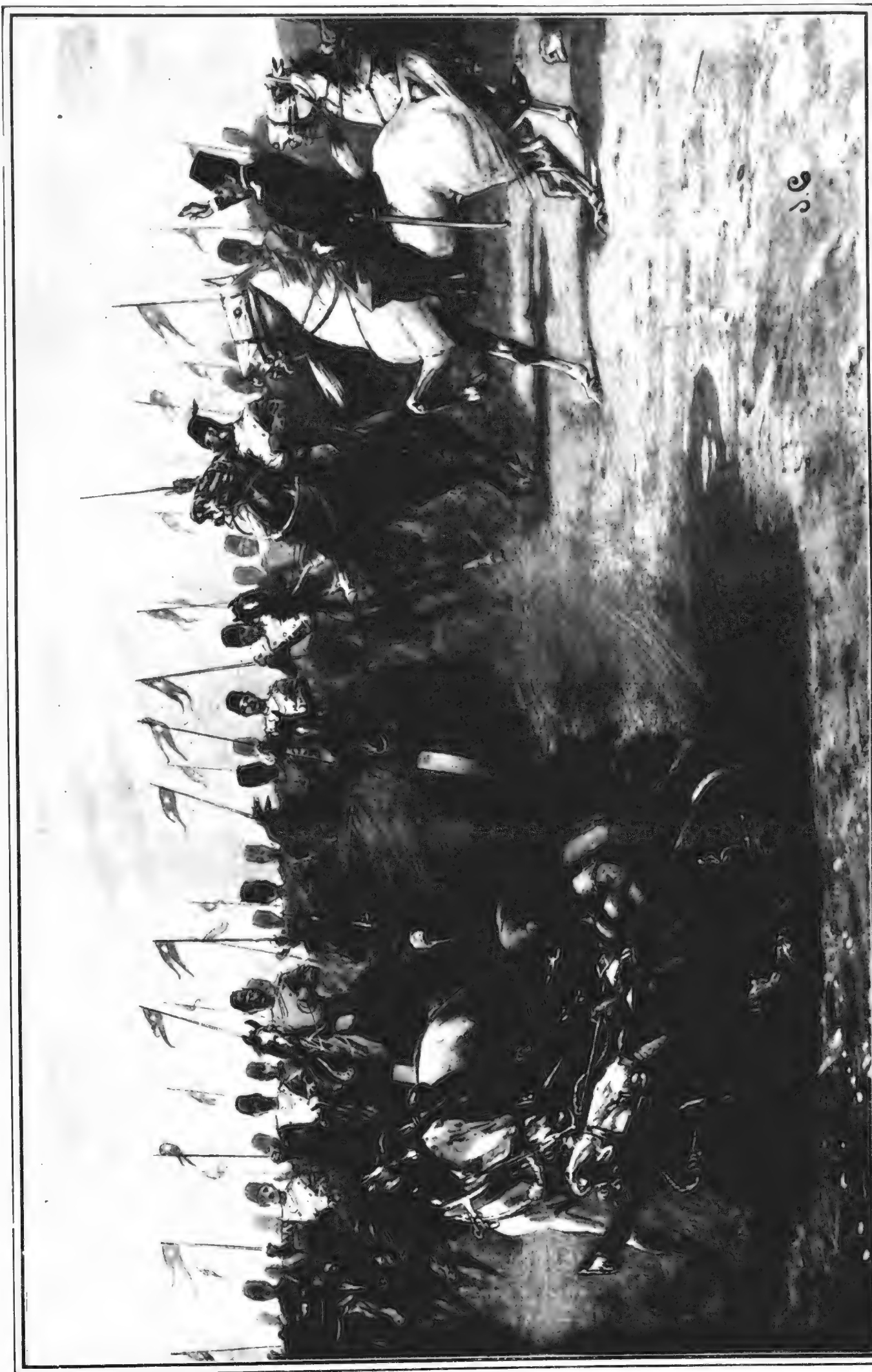


DRAWN BY GEORGE SOPER

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. A. POOLE

A Correspondent writes:—"The Tokio Keiogijaku University played a match the other day against the Yokohama Cricket and Athletic Club, this being the first time a Japanese team had played in a Rugby game. The Japanese fifteen was mainly formed through the energy and training of Mr. E. B. Clarke (who captained the team) and Mr. G. Tanaka, both old Cambridge men. The contest was, of course, rather one-sided, but the Japs played a plucky game in spite of only scoring five points against thirty-five made by their opponents."

THE FIRST RUGBY FOOTBALL MATCH PLAYED AGAINST A JAPANESE TEAM



DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

Fortunately, it is not often that such an exciting scene is witnessed at a review as that which occurred a short time ago on the occasion of the celebration of the Khedive's accession, at which a march past of all the Egyptian troops in Cairo took place before His Highness. The artillery and cavalry were going by at the gallop, when a horse dragging a machine gun

fell, and, in a second, horse, gun, and driver were all mixed up in a tangled heap. Close behind the gun came the cavalry, thundering along at a swinging gallop, the leader not realising the obstacle in front of him, and it seemed as though a serious accident could hardly be avoided. The Khedive, seeing the situation, promptly rode forward and brought

the squadrons to a halt. He was just in time for when the horses were reined up only a few yards separated the leading columns from the fallen gun. For the spectators it was a splendid addition to the excitement of the review, the majority of them being unaware of the cause. The unfortunate gunner was only slightly injured.

JUST IN TIME: THE KHEDIVES STOPPING A CAVALRY CHARGE AT A REVIEW



"THE PLAGUE"

FROM THE PAINTING BY THE HON. JOHN COLLIER, EXHIBITED



"THE PLAGUE"

BY THE HON. JOHN COLLIER, EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY

The Duke of Argyll at Home at Inveraray Castle

A HIGHLAND CHIEFTAIN is a figure that appeals to the imagination in a particularly vivid manner. A visit, therefore, to that chief of Highland Chieftains, the great McCallan More, in his home at Inveraray, is of peculiar interest. By the bye, Sir Walter Scott is responsible for an error in spelling, which seems likely to be perpetuated by the writing of "Macculam More." McCallan means Son of Colin, whereas Macculam is simply a corruption of Malcolm. The present owner of this title is the Duke of Argyll, familiar to us for so many years as the Marquis of Lorne. Inveraray is picturesquely situated on the shores of Loch Fyne, the castle being a short distance from the mouth of the Aray, which, broken by artificial cascades, flows for miles through the estate, before finally reaching the sea, as this salt water loch is called. The meaning of "Inver" is mouth, thus giving rise to the name Inveraray. The old castle, dating from 1420, together with the old castle church, was demolished "through the bad taste of the eighteenth century," and the present structure erected shortly after the stirring events of 1745, which culminated in the battle of Culloden. The foundation-stone was laid in honour of the Duke of Cumberland's victories, which the



H.R.H. PRINCESS LOUISE (DUCHESS OF ARGYLL)



THE DUKE IN HIGHLAND DRESS

Campbells of Argyll had no small share in winning. Adam, whose work is so well known in the West End of London, was the builder. It is a large square structure, with a round tower at each corner, the central hall rising high above the rest of the building. Passing under a modern iron porch a small vestibule is entered, covered with trophies of the chase or war, a bronze bust of the Marquis of Lorne, by Henrietta Montalba, at once arresting the attention. This leads into the spacious central hall, where the whole of the walls are covered with arms and armour arranged in the form of trophies, and family portraits. There is one of the Marquis of Argyll, who was beheaded on the Restoration for "having entertained old Noll" (whose likeness also hangs here), and close by one of his sons, who was beheaded by James II. It was the son of this Marquis who is commemorated by the fresco on the walls of the Houses of Parliament, under the title of "The Last Sleep of Argyll." When his executioners came to lead him to his doom they found him in a sound sleep. A portrait of the fifth Duke of Argyll (the Marquisate was converted into a Dukedom in 1701), particularly attracts attention as showing how closely the present

may sometimes be linked with the past. He commanded the Argyll Highlanders at the battle of Culloden in 1745, and held many high military appointments, dying senior Field-Marshal in 1806. He was well known to many who lived at Inveraray in our generation, and the late Duke, who only died in 1900, could claim to be the only man then living who could say that his grandfather commanded a battalion during the last civil war. Of this famous grandson there is a characteristic portrait by Angeli, and near this one of the present Duke when Marquis of Lorne. The arms and armour contain many interesting personal relics. Most of the flint-lock muskets that adorn the walls were used by the Argyll Militia during the troublous times when "Bonnie Prince Charley"

was a personality to be reckoned with, and many of them helped in his final overthrow at Culloden. In a special case, amongst other curios, is an old flint-lock breech-loading gun nearly two hundred years old, showing that someone, as is generally the case, was in advance of his times. In this case there are also a couple of cannon balls from the field of Culloden. Another special case contains the claymore (Highland broadsword) worn by the Seventh Duke, and other relics of a like character, perhaps the most interesting being the sporran worn by the famous Rob Roy.

Rooms of various sizes radiate from all parts of the hall, both upstairs and down, nearly all containing heirlooms of value. The Red Drawing-Room, so called from the general colour of the walls and floor, contains some unique pieces of furniture, one Louis XI. cabinet alone being valued at 8,000*l.* Among the many portraits in this

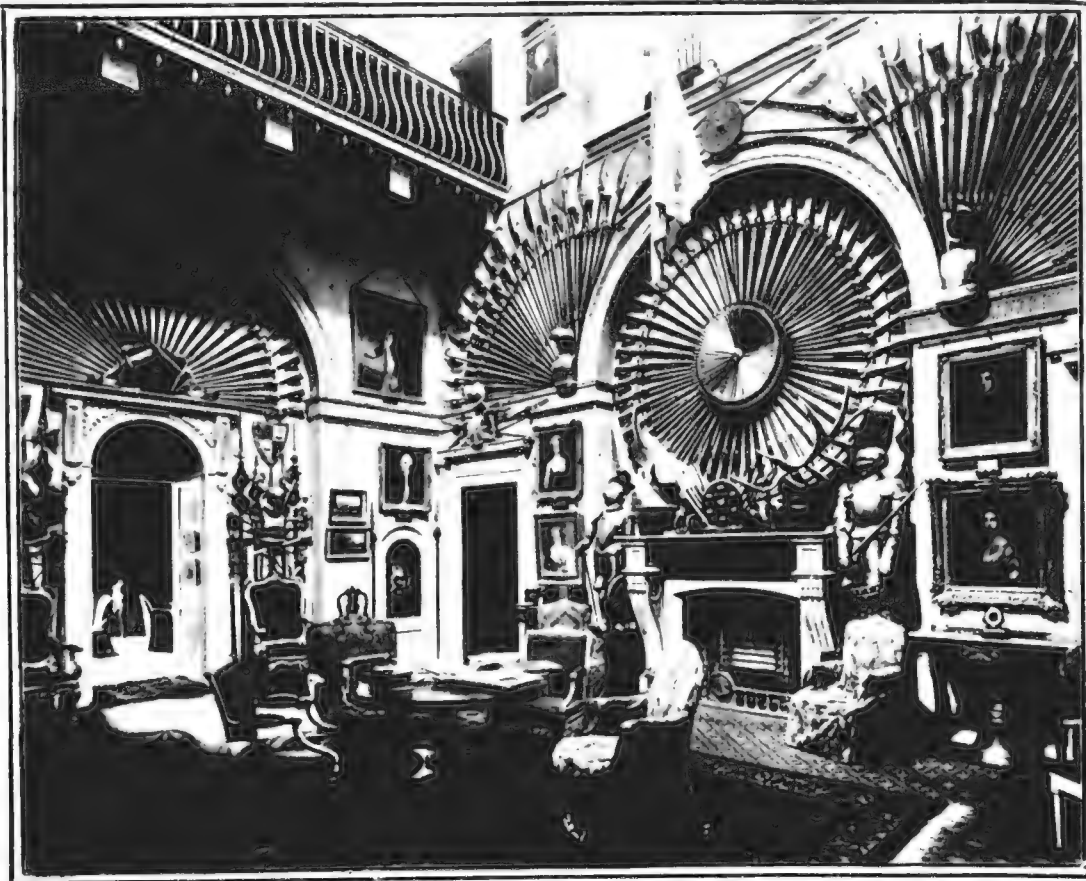


ELIZABETH GUNNING, DUCHESS OF HAMILTON AND ARGYLL

room, the one that probably will always attract the most attention, is a full-length of the celebrated beauty, Elizabeth Gunning, Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll. She was married to the Fifth Duke in 1759 and died in 1791. In a dining-room, the walls of which are covered with magnificent Beauvais tapestry, there is a striking picture of a beautiful woman in cloud-like drapery by Hoppner. It is a portrait of Elizabeth Gunning's youngest daughter, Lady Charlotte Campbell, as Aurora. She was born in 1775 and died in 1861. She was celebrated for her beauty, charm, and accomplishments. She married at Inveraray Colonel John Campbell, of Shawfield, by whom she had nine children, several of her daughters, notably Lady Usbridge, Lady Arthur Lennox, and Mrs. Wm. Russell, being remarkable for their good looks. As instancing what a remarkably lovely woman Lady Charlotte must have been, she was once at a large party at which was present the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV. Croker, who was one of the guests, says, all the gentlemen present were asked to ballot to show whom they thought the most beautiful woman in London. With one exception only, it was found when the papers were opened that every man, including the Prince Regent, had voted for this beautiful daughter



THE CROSS THAT MARKS THE SITE OF THE EAST END OF THE OLD CASTLE CHURCH



THE GREAT HALL, INVERARAY CASTLE

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL AT INVERARAY CASTLE

From Photographs by THE GRAPHIC Special Photographer, C. Pilkington

THREE YEARS IN THE HEART OF ASIA-I.

WRITTEN BY DR. SVEN HEDIN AND ILLUSTRATED FROM HIS SKETCHES AND PHOTOGRAPHS



THIBETAN NOMADS



THE EXPLORER SURVEYING THE DESERT

THE lilacs were blossoming for the last time in the nineteenth century, and the woods and fields were clothed with summer greenery and gay with flowers, when for the fourth time I said good-bye to my dear old home in Stockholm to go and try my fortune once more in the heart of Asia. The results of this journey, which I am now able to look back upon quietly and with true enjoyment, are both many and valuable, and have materially added to our

knowledge of the earth's greatest continent. It is not easy, within the compass of a few pages, to carry the reader over some 6,000 miles through an unexplored region, but I will do what I can to give an impression of my experiences and the chief events of the journey.

Taking my seat in a comfortable railway carriage at St. Petersburg, I flew at express speed across the interminable steppes of

Russia. The white churches, with their green towers, which form such conspicuous landmarks on this side of the Caspian, were replaced on the other side of that sea by the mosques and minarets of the Asiatic Mohammedans. The "iron horse" bore me with unflagging energy through the deserts of Transcaspia, on past its sand-dunes, which gave me a foretaste of what I might expect further to the east. I should dearly have liked to stay a



THE SAND DESERT BETWEEN TARIM AND CHERCHEN: SHOWING THE WAVES MADE BY THE WINDS



A IMPROVISED SLEDGE ON THE TSO-NGOMBO, WESTERN THIBET



CANOES ON THE LOWER TARIM



PART OF THE TARIM RIVER

few days in "Bokhara the Favoured" and explore its many mosques and labyrinthine streets, with their incessantly changing life and movement. And then there was the tomb of the great Timur in Samarcand also inviting me to another little pilgrimage. But the fates were inexorable. I had no time to spare for such objects. The summer was advancing, and if I wasted my time, it would be impossible for me to carry out the plan I had laid down beforehand. I was anxious to drift down the Tarim by boat, and if I did not want to be caught in the river's icy fetters, I must push on to my destination without delay.

On, therefore, on!

At Andijan the railway came to an end. Hastening on to Ash, I there equipped my first caravan—one of horses—and set out to cross the 300 miles of mountainous road which separate West Turkestan from East Turkestan. The principal base of my explorations in the interior of Asia was Kashgar, a city of China, the westernmost town in the empire. Thence I crossed the western half of the Takla-Makan Desert, with a large caravan of camels and horses, and established a considerable camp at Lailik, on the bank of the Tarim. My arrival in that remote region created quite a sensation amongst the inhabitants. They wondered what I would be after when they saw me buy a big ferry-boat, reconstruct it according to my own ideas, cover its fore part with a deck, rear on that a tent, and amidships build a hut or dark-room for photographic work. We were well supplied with provisions, and I also had on board a couple of favourite dogs, which kept me company during the many hours I sat bent over my writing table, tracing out my maps of the Tarim River. The men I hired to work the boat were all Mohammedan Asiatics. Their principal business was to guard our craft against collisions with the banks. The boat glided so softly and silently down the broad bosom of the stream that it was a genuine pleasure to travel that way.

Indeed, I have never made a more comfortable journey. No steamboat that ploughs the mighty Mississippi could be more careful than my Tarim ferryboat. On a river-steamer you are, to only a limited extent, a free agent; you have to go where the boat goes. But on my Asiatic craft I was sole lord and captain, and could stop where I liked, and when I liked, and as long as I liked. When the weather was warm, I just pulled off my clothes and hopped over the side—a thing nobody in his senses would ever dream of doing on board a river-steamer. We threaded magnificent forests, in which the boat glided down corridors lined with ancient poplars; when we landed and encamped for the night on the shore, we frequently saw the tracks of tigers, showing where the creatures went down to the river to drink. All the way down we encountered a succession of charming landscapes—now the Asiatic forest, in all its weirdness, now bare and open stretches of desert, passing unceasingly before our eyes as we simply sat and looked.

But time flew fast. The autumn came, the air began to nip, the midges and mosquitoes disappeared. On October 12 we experienced the first touch of frost, a warning to us push on yet faster. We now began to lengthen out our stages far on into the night; and must have presented an extremely picturesque sight, piloted as we were by the little canoes of the natives carrying torches and lanterns, which flung their flaring beams upon the rugged features of the bank on either side.

On the 7th December we were caught by the ice and stuck, unable to advance another inch. Finally we froze fast near the lake of Yanghi-koll, but that same day we fell in with my caravan, which had travelled overland by another route. I now equipped a fresh caravan, consisting of seven camels, one horse, and four men, and crossed the desert of Takla-Makan at its widest part, the terminus of the journey being the little town of Cherchen, some 180 miles distant from my starting-point. Our route lay across a veritable ocean of sand, crumpled into huge billowy dunes, 300 to 400 feet in height. To travel across such a moving sea of ever-changing drift-sand is not unattended with considerable danger. On the face of all the earth there is not a desert more desolate and sterile than the Takla-Makan. The Sahara is not to be mentioned in the same breath with it, for the Sahara is dotted with oases; but in the Takla-Makan there is literally nothing but sand—drift-sand, without a blade of grass. Woe betide the wretch who is so bold as to venture in amongst its tangled labyrinth of sand-dunes without having made adequate preparations for the journey! His doom is irrevocably sealed.

I knew how necessary it was to take with us a sufficient supply of water. That was the one essential thing. Accordingly, I loaded four of the seven camels with blocks of ice cut from the river, and so carried them with us. In spite of this, however, it proved a hard and wearisome journey. For twenty days on end we journeyed across sand—nothing but sand—sand—sand! The view before us, as we climbed the top of each successive billow in turn, was always the same—the same everlastingly and hopelessly dreary expanse of sand-hills. And when, to add to all this, a desert-storm came down upon us, it was enough to make even the most patient of travellers despair. At every step the heavily laden camels sink deep into the soft and crumbling ground. The storm goes on gathering strength. You are no longer able to fight against it; and being well-nigh cloaked by its fine penetrating particles, you are at last literally compelled to stop and await a more favourable opportunity.

(To be continued)



DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD

Dr. Sven Hedin, describing how he was prevented from proceeding further into Tibet, says:—"We saw troops of mounted men gathering from every quarter. They came and

pitched their tents close to ours. Then they formed up in one body and charged straight down upon us at full gallop. But a few paces before it reached us the stream of galloping

horsemen divided, and a long and a long out the wildest war cries and brandishing their lances and spears they charged their heads and passed us on both sides."

FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY DR. SVEN HEDIN

"STOP!": AN INCIDENT ON THE ROAD TO LHASA



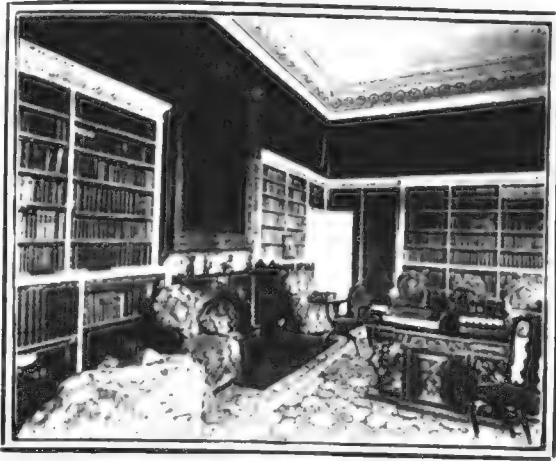
DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY DR. SVEN HEDIN

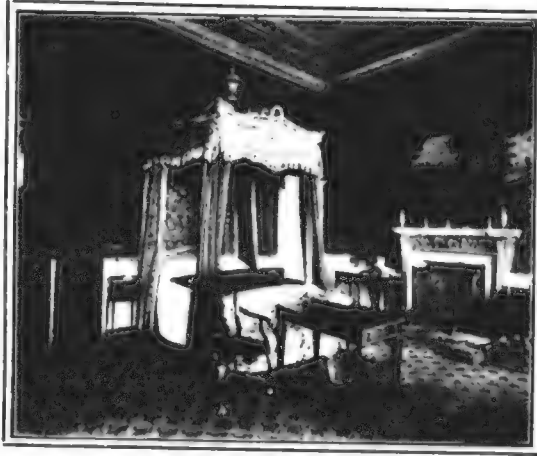
Dr. Sven Hedin writes:—"Kamla Bombo, greeting me politely, informed me he had orders from Lhasa to prevent us from travelling any further towards the south. He gave us to understand that if we did not wish to lose our heads (emphasising his words by drawing his hand across his throat) we must go back. They had been told by certain Yak hunters, who had seen us farther to the north, that a large caravan was approaching from that direction, and they had therefore kept watch along the frontier.

For some little time we conversed outside my tent; then Kamla Bombo accepted my invitation and stepped inside and sat down, and so continued the conversation. Before taking his departure he made me a present of two valuable horses and a large quantity of provisions, and announced that he had appointed a guard of twenty mounted men and three officers to escort us back to our main camp."

"SO FAR AND NO FURTHER": THE LAMA'S AMBASSADOR WARNING THE EXPLORER NOT TO CONTINUE HIS JOURNEY



THE LIBRARY



ONE OF THE BEDROOMS



THE RED DRAWING-ROOM

difficult to extract from the Duke that it was largely due to his efforts, when Marquis of Lorne and Governor-General of Canada, that that magnificent undertaking, the Canadian Pacific Railway, was pushed through. It was he who induced the energetic Mr. Stephens, now Lord Mount Stephen, to join in that enterprise, and all who know anything of the Canadian Pacific Railway understand what that meant. One of the tallest mountains near the line was named Mount Stephen, after him, and this was the name he assumed on being made a peer—a unique incident of a mountain being named after a man and then the man after the mountain. It is singular that not a single Minister of Canada, twenty years

ago, had been in the North-West Provinces. Sir Charles Tupper alone had been to Winnipeg in 1881, but had gone no further. All this was changed after the Marquis of Lorne took his historic tour of several months' duration, and from which such grand results have followed. As to Canada of the present time the Duke of Argyll expresses his firm conviction that for a steady working man with a little capital there is no better place in the world to go to. In connection with emigration it is interesting to note that it was due to the Marquis of Lorne that information on this subject is to be obtained at every post office in the Kingdom. It was some time before he could induce the Government to take the matter up. The apathy then existing towards the Colonies was something appalling.

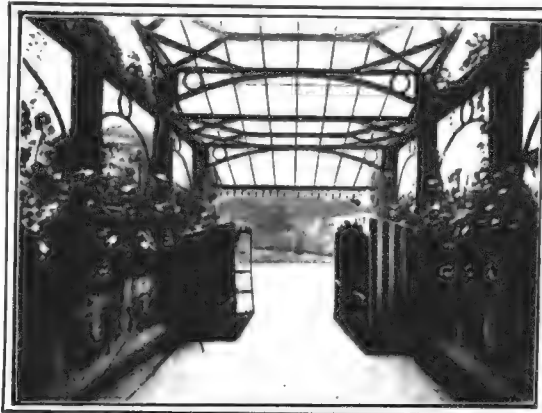


THE 5TH DUKE OF ARGYLL, WHO COMMANDED A REGIMENT AT CULLODEN (GREAT-GRANDFATHER OF PRESENT DUKE)

Canada on all sorts of subjects. "Only this morning I had a letter from a trooper in South Africa, a Montreal man who had previously been out to the war but had been invalided home, had been in our hospital, and on discharge had gone back to Canada. I see by his letter, in which he inquires after a comrade he had left in the hospital, that he must have gone to the front again." "What hospital was that?" "Oh! a little place the Princess arranged as a convalescent home down at Roseneath." Cross-examination elicited that additions had been made to an inn when the war broke out, and it was turned into a convalescent home for sick and wounded soldiers

from the front. Over 100 men, English, Irish, Scotch, and Colonial, have passed through, and many write most gratefully to the Princess.

Londoners know, or ought to know, that excellent institution at Norbiton, "The Princess Louise Home," which has done so much to help young girls, and to start them well in life. Some years ago the home got into "low water," and the trustees were having an anxious time. "Why don't you wash yourselves out of debt?" said the Duke. "Wash ourselves out of debt!" "Yes;



THE CASTLE PORCH

start a laundry; I am sure it would help." This advice was taken, with what splendid success anyone who now visits the home can see. The Duke is a keen sportsman, fond of tennis and golf, a good rifle shot, and, having served in the match teams of his school and University (Cambridge), he takes great interest in the Volunteers, while he is hon. colonel of the Glasgow Highland Regiment.



IN THE WOODS AT INVERARAY

Then the Duke proposed a walk, though it was pouring with rain; but no one seems to pay the least attention to rain in the Highlands, and, evidently, they are justified, for a delightful walk it was through attractive scenery, every step made doubly interesting by historical account or graphic description furnished by the remarkably retentive memory of the guide.

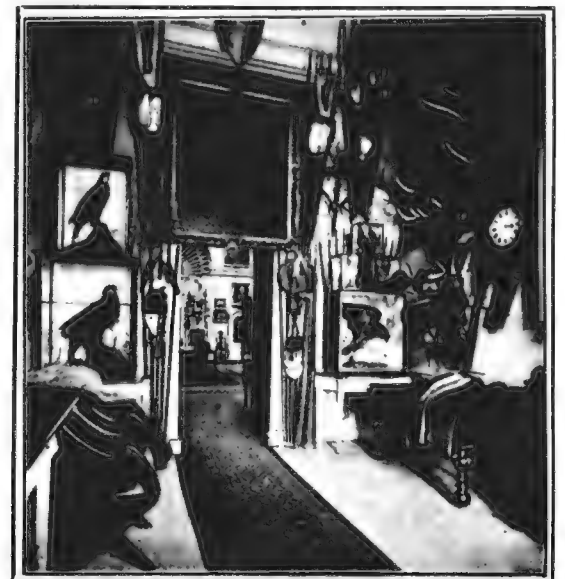
Numbers of wild creatures may be seen during such a walk round the castle. In the loch, at any time during the herring season, whales may be found disporting themselves, occasionally jumping clear out of the water, while porpoises roll about, and sometimes a swordfish takes it into his head to imitate the leaps of a whale. Once a great Japanese sunfish, known as the opah or king fish, was caught, while our own sunfish now and again shows his long fin on the surface. On land as many as ten thousand rabbits have been killed in a season, and the shooting tenants have obtained on the moors to the south of the village over eight hundred brace of grouse. There are coveys of partridge on the higher peaks of Ben Buie, and numerous hares, white in winter, frequent the lower hill levels. Abundance of black game are to be seen and pheasants in the woods, though nothing has been done to feed them. A pair of golden eagles may last year have accounted for more than a few lambs. Peregrine falcons breed on a precipice, and buzzards wheel about the picturesque watch tower on the summit of Dunequin. This is a rocky and forest-clad hill rising near the castle, beyond the Aray. Roe, fallow, and red deer are abundant; the clearance of sheep from large tracts of moorland, to be replaced by cattle, lately having given them increased confidence and happiness. In the river gravel, not long since, half of a magnificent antler was found, showing that when all the Highlands were covered with hazel, oak, and Scotch fir, stags with horns double the size of those now existing fell to the arrow of the ancient Highlander. Boswell records the pride it gave him to show Johnson the magnificent trees of Inveraray, and certainly the size of some of them is remarkable, a Spanish chestnut near the stables being over twenty-two feet in girth, while close by a Scotch fir rises to a height of a hundred and



BRONZE BUST OF THE DUKE



PORTRAITS OF THE PRESENT DUKE AND HIS FATHER IN THE GREAT HALL



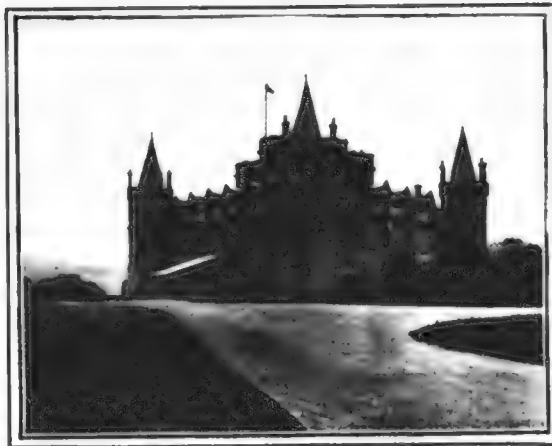
THE VESTIBULE LEADING INTO THE GREAT HALL

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL AT INVERARAY CASTLE

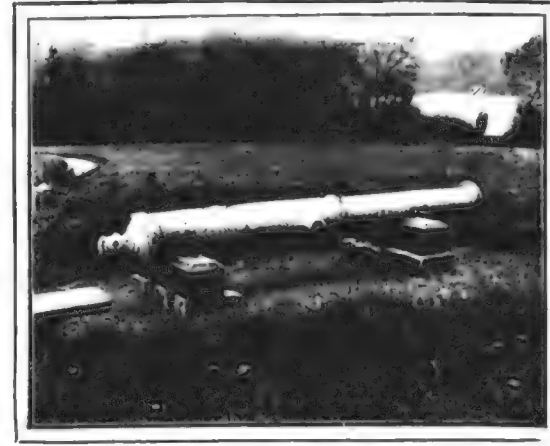
From Photographs by THE GRAPHIC Special Photographer, C. Pilkington



MISS EUPHEMIA CAMPBELL FISHING IN THE ARAY



INVERARAY CASTLE FROM THE NORTH-EAST



BRASS CANNON FROM THE WRECK OF AN ARMADA SHIP

twenty feet; limes, said to be the mark of old Whig places, because liked by William of Orange, have very fine representatives, and beech and oak vying in size with their cousins of the south, seem to prove that, whereas the last has an almost unlimited age, the beech can only count three centuries of vigorous life. As owing the favourable nature of the climate of this part of the Highlands, there is a large pinetum on the sides of Dunquhaich with magnificent trees, yet these were only planted during the early life of the late Duke, who used to attend to them when a boy. On the point of land which can be seen jutting out into Loch Fyne, the present Duke some years ago planted a number of Chinese palms. These have flourished so exceedingly, that a distinguished general officer, shooting woodcock, of which there are a great many hereabouts in the winter, suddenly finding himself in a fine palm grove, was utterly taken aback, and had the most serious misgivings as to his own sanity.

Amongst the archaeological curiosities in the vicinity of the castle is a splendid long brass cannon with the Fleur-de-Lys, F's and salamander on the breech, of Francis the First. This gun was obtained from the wreck of a vessel of the Spanish Armada, and the Duke's researches prove it to have been cast by Benvenuto Cellini



THE VIEW FROM THE PORCH LOOKING TOWARDS BEN BULBIN

is like watching an old ship in a storm to see an old landed estate encountering death duties. The industries dependent on the welfare of the owner have to be stopped; labourers, gardeners, grooms, foresters, coachmen have to be dismissed; no new buildings, no improvements in agriculture, draining, planting, or in erecting much desired houses can be made. The owner is a mere rent collector for the Government, and is heavily fined for undertaking the task in the odium always attaching to him who cannot do as his predecessor. The tax is assessed on the whole of the last man's property; the new man has to pay on younger children's portions that may have been paid away thirty years before. The estate cannot be kept up and very often cannot be sold, so that the burden of this unjust tax falls on the poor employees, who have to be dismissed, while roads, buildings, farms, all go to the bad, and the countryside is still further depleted to the crowding of the towns. The circumstances have been met at Inveraray by the accident that the owner has made himself independent of the land and has sacrificed his own income to keep the old hands in the place; but when they die their children cannot hope as heretofore to take their places, and farms and buildings must for many years suffer from these taxes, "More severe than the effects of civil war through which these lands have been kept for over six centuries."



THE DUKE AND MR. NEAL CAMPBELL IN TOWN AVENUE, INVERARAY

at Fontainebleau, and taken by Francis to Italy; lost by him at the battle of Pavia, and then put on board the *Admiral of Florence*, commanded by Perreira. This was the vessel contributed by Tuscany to the Armada. A beautifully sculptured cross in the village shows the Byzantine influence on Scottish medieval art, while another, with ruder decorations, exhibits the Crucifixion on one side, and on the other the emblem of the soul pursued by evil, in the shape of a stag followed by hounds. This cross marks where the east end of the old castle church stood. A subsequent drive through the estate revealed fresh and further beauties, the views from a small shooting-box and along and from the Queen's "Drive" being simply magnificent. "But all is not gold that glitters." Whilst to a visitor or tenant of almost any or every taste Inveraray is a paradise indeed, to the owner it is a cause of much trouble, worry and anxiety.

During these excursions, the Duke pointed to several tenantless houses, and mentioned retainers whose services had, perforce, been dispensed with, and, when asked the reason, emphatically said Sir William Harcourt's death duties. To use his own words: "It



HELL'S GLEN, ON THE ROAD FROM LOCHGOILHEAD TO INVERARAY



A ROOM HUNG WITH DUTCH TAPESTRY



A ROOM HUNG WITH BEAUVAIS TAPESTRY

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL AT INVERARAY CASTLE

From Photographs by THE GRAPHIC Special Photographer, C. Pilkington

The Week in Parliament

BY HENRY W. LUCY

It is a long time since a division in the House of Commons took place amid such manifestations of interest as marked the settlement of what is known as the Wear and Tear proviso of the Education Bill. This was introduced in the House of Lords by the Bishop of Manchester. Its simple, not to say innocent, purpose is to saddle the ratepayer with, in addition to other things, the cost of damage to school buildings arising out of fair wear and tear. This under taking formed no part of the original Bill. It was an afterthought of the Clerical party when the bargain between the Church and the ratepayer had been finally struck. Lord Hugh Cecil attempted to carry such amendment in the House of Commons, and, Mr. Balfour leaving it an open question, the noble lord was badly beaten.

Whilst in the Commons the Government thus stopped short of absolutely declaring against the proposal, a stronger line was taken by their representative in the House of Lords. The Duke of Devonshire uncompromisingly declared against the amendment, whilst Lord Spencer, from the opposite benches, took against it the grave objection that, inasmuch as it directed the payment of money out of public funds, it was a breach of the privilege of the House of Commons. By a comparatively small majority the Bishop of Manchester's amendment was carried in the Lords, the difficulty about privilege being circumvented by a dexterous movement. A proviso was added to the effect that "this obligation on the local education authority shall throw no additional charge on any public fund."

As soon as the amendment was taken in hand by the Commons the question of privilege was raised. The Speaker ruled that the amendment as originally carried was, undoubtedly, a breach of privilege. But the addendum of the declaration with which it concluded removed that stigma. A *locus standi* being thus ingeniously established, the next thing to do was to delete the saving clause, and this, at the instance of Sir James Fergusson, was accomplished. To quote a phrase from the outraged Leader of the Opposition, "the Bishops' amendment having been smuggled into the House was now revealed in its naked deformity."

Midnight of Tuesday had struck before the division was called. Mr. Balfour, repeating his tactics when the identical question was first before the House, announced that members would be free to vote as they pleased, the Government Whips taking no part in the division. Personally he declared in favour of the amendment, arguing against some of his most respected and influential supporters



GENERAL CIPRIANO CASTRO
President of the Republic of Venezuela

General Castro is a farmer's son, and is only thirty-six years of age. He was scarcely known outside his native village, when he organised the rebellion which eventually made him Dictator. His knowledge of affairs was confined to what he had managed to learn while acting as clerk to a German firm at Maracaibo. He has, nevertheless, proved himself a man of resource, and although, like his predecessors, his Dictatorship has been strongly contested, he has nevertheless managed to keep the upper hand over the rebellious factions in the country.

that their apprehension of increased drafts on the pocket of the hapless ratepayer would prove illusory.

At half-past twelve, when the tide of members from either lobby began to ebb, it was evident that voting was pretty level. Presently the Whips from the Opposition Lobby came in first, showing that they had the fewer votes to count. Thus it turned out. When the figures were announced it was shown that the Lords were backed by 197 members, 159 voting against them. Thus by a majority of thirty-eight the ratepayer was mulcted in extra charges for wear and tear in Church schools. But it was the Irish members who saved the bishops from defeat. Sixty-five of them, avowedly acting in the interests of schools under the management of the Catholic priest hood, went into the Lobby with Lord Hugh Cecil and his friends, a number far more than sufficient to turn the scale.

Breaking up almost on Christmas Eve, at the close of one of the longest working Sessions of modern times, Ministers—above all the Premier—have the satisfaction of knowing the Session has seen the accomplishment of some memorable work. It has passed an exceptionally controversial Education Bill, carried a London Water Bill, and, not least, reformed Parliamentary Procedure.

The Concert Season

THE "Pops," the Crystal Palace, the Queen's Hall Ballads, the St. James's Hall Saturday Orchestral, and the Albert Hall Erard Concerts closed for the year on Saturday; but there have been many performances during the present week, and the Christmas recess promises to be shorter than ever this year. Indeed it will practically be limited to Christmas week, for in the following week Mr. Sousa and his band will commence a fortnight's season at Queen's Hall, while on January 1st the Symphony season will reopen at the same Hall, and the annual performance of Sir F. Bridge's version of *Messiah* will be given at the Albert Hall. During the following week also many of the serial concerts will recommence. The future of Queen's Hall has, by the way, now been settled. Messrs. Chappell, who have the Hall on a five years' lease, have appointed Mr. Cyril Streatfeild as hall manager, and the place will be carried on practically on the lines of St. James's Hall—that is to say, will be let for high-class concerts to all comers. Mr. Robert Newman, who has been manager since the building was first opened by the late Mr. Ravenscroft, will, after next week, have no further responsibility at Queen's Hall, although he will continue manager of the splendid orchestra which he founded.

Falke

Amazon

Ariadne

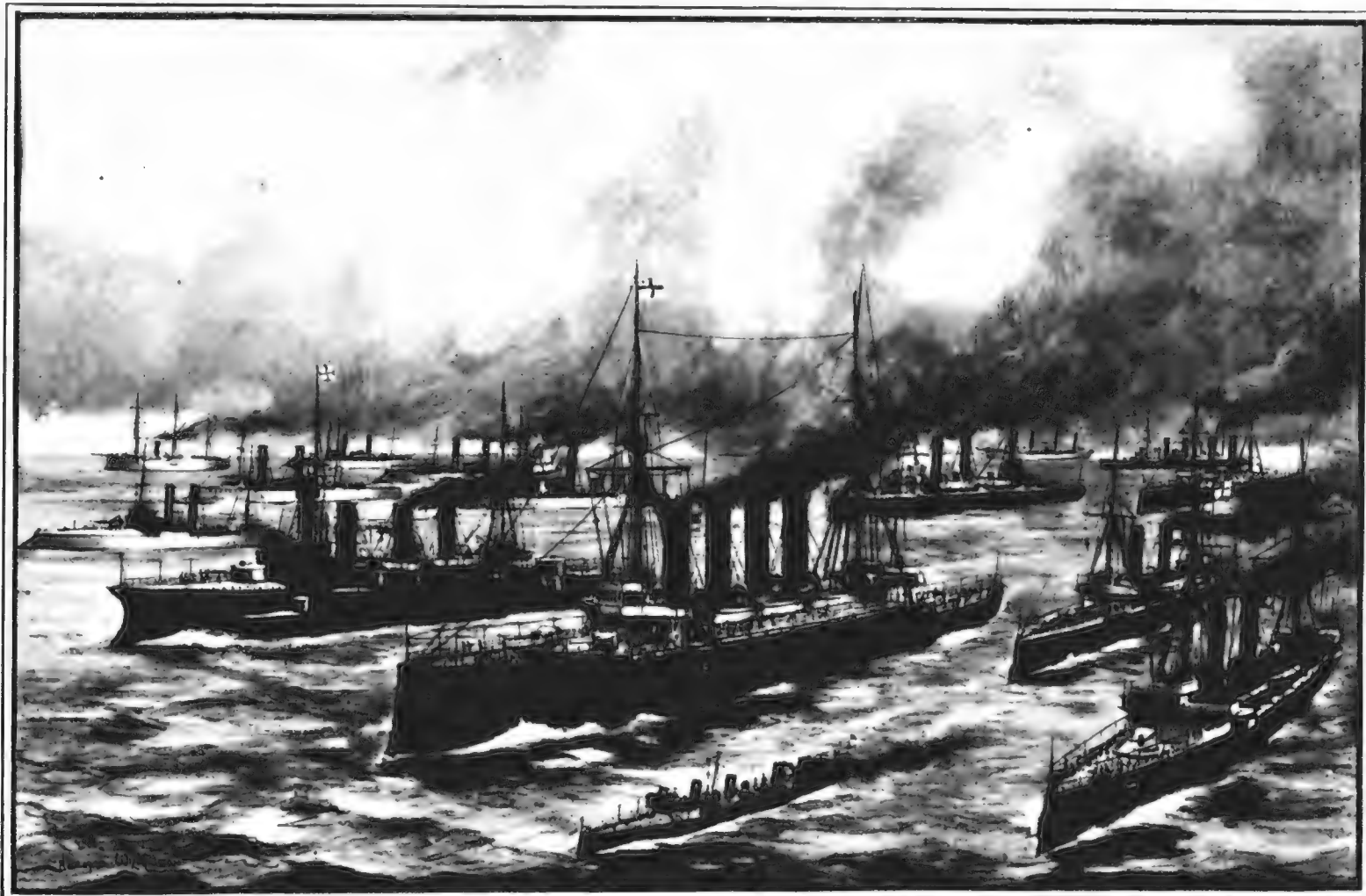
Niobe

Gazelle

H.M.S. Retribution

H.M.S. Alert

H.M.S. Pallas
H.M.S. Tribune



Panther

Vineta

H.M.S. Ariadne
H.M.S. Quail

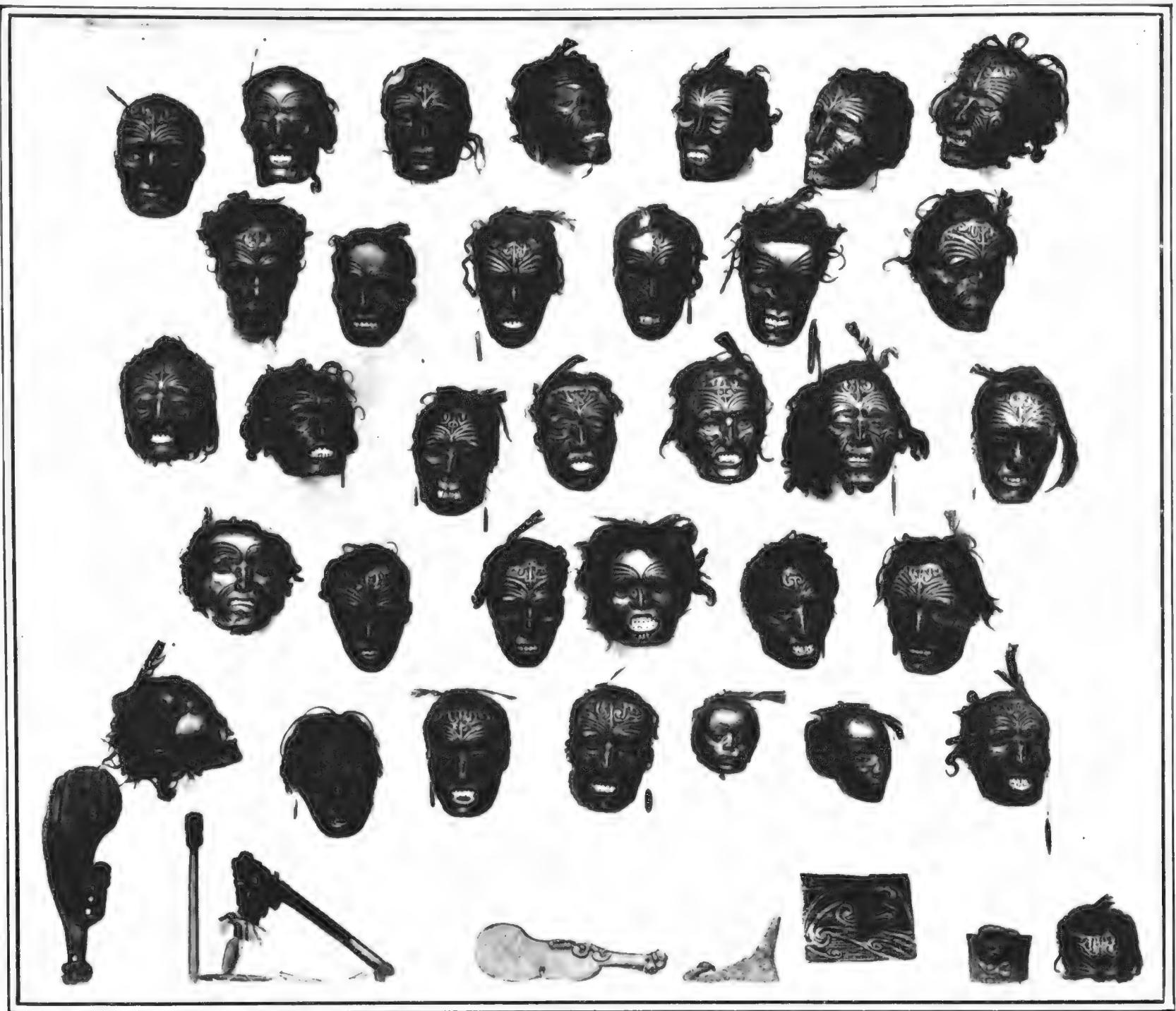
H.M.S. Indefatigable
H.M.S. Charybdis

Of the British and German warships in Venezuelan waters the British are the more powerful, though there is only one vessel which is in the front rank. The British ships are:—*Ariadne*, 1st-class cruiser, 11,000 tons; *Charybdis*, 2nd-class cruiser, 4,360 tons; *Retribution*, 2nd-class cruiser, 3,600 tons; *Tribune*, 2nd-class cruiser, 3,400 tons; *Indefatigable*, 2nd-class cruiser, 3,600 tons; *Pallas*, 3rd-class cruiser, 2,375

tons; *Alert*, sloop, 960 tons; *Quail*, torpedo-boat destroyer, 360 tons. The German ships are as follows:—*Vineta*, 2nd-class cruiser, 5,885 tons; *Amazon*, 3rd-class cruiser, 2,660 tons; *Ariadne*, 3rd-class cruiser, 2,660 tons; *Niobe*, 3rd-class cruiser, 2,645 tons; *Gazelle*, 3rd-class cruiser, 2,645 tons; *Falke*, 3rd-class cruiser, 1,574 tons; *Panther*, gunboat, 899 tons.

THE ANGLO-GERMAN FLEET IN VENEZUELAN WATERS

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON



GRIM RELICS OF THE HISTORICAL ART OF THE MAORIS

FROM THE COLLECTION OF GENERAL ROBLEY. PHOTOGRAPHED BY HENRY STEVENS

A Lost Art

MOKO (tattoo, tattoo, tatu) was first described and illustrated by Cook in his first voyage in 1769. By him it was called *amoko*, his rendering of the native term. General Robley's collection, which contains between thirty and forty specimens of tattooed heads, besides several implements connected with tattooing, is the only one existing which shows this remarkable and historic ornamentation of the old Maori artists in all their skill and style. The examples exceed in number those to be found in the combined museums of New Zealand, the British Museum, Jardin des Plantes, the Royal Museums of Berlin and Vienna, the National Museums of Washington, Rome, Sydney, and others, and it is thus indeed unique and irreplaceable. This collection was visited by the Maoris over for the Coronation, who desired that it should be well guarded, and that, if possible, the heads of their old warriors fallen in native wars should be returned to New Zealand. That the ancient inhabitants of Britain dyed their skin with woad is little more than a tradition—no knowledge or specimen of their art remains; and so it must prove with the aboriginal dwellers in New Zealand unless care be taken. Illustrations and descriptions may remain, but neither can so faithfully depict the features and accompaniments of a lost art as the *true specimen itself*. Already much has been lost regarding the value and signification of the various tatu lines, for when the old Maori disappeared under the tide of an advancing civilisation, the key of this knowledge was buried with him. Neither we nor the modern Maori can penetrate the veil of imagery and allegory enveloping the various patterns, or the principles on which the *moko* of one chief differs from that of another. In Maori mythology there is the visit of Mataora to Spiritland, when the ordinary punctured marks on his face were removed by magic power, and in their place he was adorned with the chiselled spirals and arabesques which tatu-workers have faithfully copied in general, and which

were common enough when Cook visited New Zealand. A custom so elaborate must surely have grown up slowly through many generations, and have been carried to a point of perfection which never failed to attract the visitor who was fortunate enough to regain his ship. Captain Cook's companion (Banks) wrote, "It is impossible to avoid admiring the extreme elegance and justness of the figures traced, which on the face are always different spirals, and upon the body different figures, resembling somewhat the foliage of old chasing upon gold and silver. All these are finished with a masterly taste and execution, for of a hundred which at first sight would be judged to be exactly the same, no two, on close examination, proved alike, nor do I remember to have seen any two alike." It is astonishing to see designs so unerringly correct marked on the living human face by such a painful process as the native artist adopted. Though the work was done at different times, owing to the terrible pain inflicted and the impossibility of completing the process in one sitting, the symmetry was, nevertheless, preserved, as is evident in these numerous examples. Their method of tattooing by means of tapping into the skin narrow bone chisels, dipped in charcoal dyes, and so making very deep blue-black grooves, has nothing in common with the mode of tattooing in other parts of the world which leaves the skin smooth. The old Maori race took an artist's pride in this work, and as the result was not easily accomplished, it was highly prized when completed. Such old ornamentation, every line of which remains distinct on the heads, can never be again obtained. These *moko mokai*, as they were called, were a badge or proof of the nobility of the owner, and the well-tattooed head of a chief who had fallen in battle formed a much-valued spoil of war. The stringent Sydney Act of 1831 stopped the export of heads. From that date, therefore, it has been only possible to gather together these rare specimens by patiently watching through a long series of years for the breaking up of private collections, or taking advantage of some unusual chance; and this is the plan that has been followed in this instance.

Our Bookshelf

"DELHI, PAST AND PRESENT"

We cannot but think that the author of this handsome volume is unduly modest in describing it as a "guide." One is apt to regard works so named as much less literary, artistic, and interesting than this. But "guide" or not, it is certain that no future visitor to the historic City of Delhi can dispense with it—that is, if he wants to "do" the city thoroughly, and understand its associations, its architecture, and its many points of beauty. It appears, too, at a most appropriate season, for there will be a crowd of English visitors at the forthcoming Coronation Durbar. The author opens his volume with a "General Introduction" on the history of the city and a brief description of Delhi in 1902, and then takes his readers to every historic building in it, describing both their beauties and associations. The book is illustrated with numerous and excellent reproductions of photographs—some of which were taken shortly after the Mutiny, which show the effect of the shot and shell of the English and of the rebels. Field-Marshal Sir H. W. Norman, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., contributes an interesting narrative of the siege and assault of Delhi, in which he was, as a lieutenant, actively concerned. To conclude, we should refer our readers to the following paragraph from Mr. Fanshawe's "Preface." He writes

In conclusion, I will venture to say a word regarding the protection of the buildings and sites of interest round Delhi. Something, indeed, a great deal, has been done in this connection by the British Government—(I have been fortunate enough to be myself the means of this on several occasions in the last fifteen years) but much more remains to be accomplished, and it may be hoped that under the *regime* of the present Viceroy, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, and in view of the special interest which is certain to be taken in these memorials of ancient by numbers who will be gathered at Delhi for the Coronation Durbar, this will be achieved.

"Delhi, Past and Present." By H. C. Fanshawe, C.S.I. (Murray.)

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2878, 2879, 2880, 2881, 2882, 2883, 2884, 2885, 2886, 2887, 2888, 2889, 2890, 2891, 2892, 2893, 2894, 2895, 2896, 2897, 2898, 2899, 2900, 2901, 2902, 2903, 2904, 2905, 2906, 2907, 2908, 2909, 2910, 2911, 2912, 2913, 2914, 2915, 2916, 2917, 2918, 2919, 2920, 2921, 2922, 2923, 2924, 2925, 2926, 2927, 2928, 2929, 2930, 2931, 2932, 2933, 2934, 2935, 2936, 2937, 2938, 2939, 2940, 2941, 2942, 2943, 2944, 2945, 2946, 2947, 2948, 2949, 2950, 2951, 2952, 2953, 2954, 2955, 2956, 2957, 2958, 2959, 2960, 2961, 2962, 2963, 2964, 2965, 2966, 2967, 2968, 2969, 2970, 2971, 2972, 2973, 2974, 2975, 2976, 2977, 2978, 2979, 2980, 2981, 2982, 2983, 2984, 2985, 2986, 2987, 2988, 2989, 2990, 2991, 2992, 2993, 2994, 2995, 2996, 2997, 2998, 2999, 3000, 3001, 3002, 3003, 3004, 3005, 3006, 3007, 3008, 3009, 3010, 3011, 3012, 3013, 3014, 3015, 3016, 3017, 3018, 3019, 3020, 3021, 3022, 3023, 3024, 3025, 3026, 3027, 3028, 3029, 3030, 3031, 3032, 3033, 3034, 3035, 3036, 3037, 3038, 3039, 3040, 3041, 3042, 3043, 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THE KING'S SLEEPING COMPARTMENT

King, with the addition that accommodation, as already mentioned, is provided for Princess Victoria. All the other rooms are in white enamel, and the predominating colour is blue. Her Majesty's bedroom is draped in soft pink. Adjoining this is Her Majesty's dressing-room. At the end of each saloon is the attendants' apartment, which is fitted with a seat that can be turned into a bed for night travelling, and also with electrical appliances for cooking, and electric plugs for connecting the heaters for providing tea, coffee, etc. There are balconies to each saloon, which are fitted with windows so that they can be used as observation cars. These balcony ends are heated by steam, and the two saloons are gangwayed together so as to enable anyone to pass from one end of the Royal train to the other. To show the completeness and modernness of the appointments, it may be mentioned that the King's saloon is fitted with electric cigar lighters, and each compartment is provided with portable table lamps.

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* "Racquets, Tennis, and Squash." By Eustace Miles, M.A. (Ward, Lock.) "The Isthmian Library."

"ON THE HEELS OF DE WET" *

The publication in a permanent form of these bright and clever papers, which from month to month delighted the readers of *Blackwood's Magazine*, is certain of a hearty welcome. They were so thoroughly quoted and discussed in every London paper and, for that matter, in most of the provincial papers at the time that they appeared in the magazine, that they hardly call for any detailed remark at the

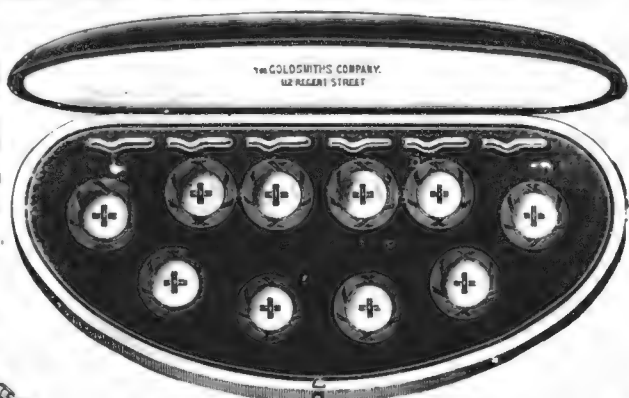
* "On the Heels of De Wet." By the Intelligence Officer. (Blackwood.)

present time. In the first chapter the writer tells us of the birth of the New Cavalry Brigade, which was organised to prevent De Wet from entering Cape Colony, and also to capture him if possible—a large *if* that. It is a most interesting and brightly written little book, and will most certainly live as a picture of a phase of the Boer War when many a more serious work is consigned to oblivion. It must be pleasant reading to the Intelligence Officer, that De Wet, in his own volume, says that one of the tightest corners he was ever in was when he was driven back from his attempted invasion of Cape Colony.

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Very cleverly got up is this "A.B.C. of Everyday People, Good, Bad, and Indifferent." The verses are by Mr. G. F. Farrow, the inventor of the Wallypug of Why, are neat and amusing, and Mr. Hassall's coloured illustrations are full of vigour and fun. Altogether it makes a delightful picture-book. It is published by Messrs. Dean and Son.



THE LIVELY

Reduced illustration from "An A.B.C." By G. F. Farrow. Illustrated by J. J. Hassall. (Dean and Son)

DUMAS ILLUSTRATED

From Calmann Levy, Paris, we have received a very elaborate edition, in two huge volumes, of Alexandre Dumas' "La Dame de Monsoreau." It is lavishly illustrated by Maurice Leloir, whose work is full of vigour and thoroughly in keeping with the character of the story. The picture which we reproduce shows the remarkable journey of Chicot and poor frere Gorenflot. After a brief rest the indefatigable Chicot orders the poor monk to mount.

Gorenflot tira son âne contre une borne, et parvint à s'établir dessus, cette fois non plus à califourchon, mais de côté à la manière des femmes; il prétendait que cela était plus commode pour causer. Le fait est que le moine avait prévu



CHICOT SET OFF AT A GALLOP: GORENFLOT FOLLOWED ON THE ASS

From "La Dame de Monsoreau." By Alexandre Dumas. Illustrated by Maurice Leloir. (Calmann Levy)

un redoublement de vitesse dans la marche de sa monture, et que, disposé ainsi, il avait deux points d'appui: la croupe et la queue.

The same publishers also send us an *édition de luxe* of René Bazin's "Les Oberlé." M. Bazin's famous romance of Alsace has found a worthy illustrator in M. Charles Spindler, who knows every foot of the country in which the action is laid, equally well with M. Bazin. His black-and-white sketches and more elaborate water colour drawings (charmingly reproduced in colour), make this volume a very delightful one.

Messrs. Hachette and Co. send us their famous children's annual, "Mon Journal," illustrated in black and white and colours, and crammed with stories and entertaining matter specially designed for children of from eight to twelve years of age. Also a little romance in paper covers, "Le Petit Tambour de 1805," illustrated by "Job" and written by Fournier; and additions to their Bibliothèque Rose Illustrée, "Les Petits Poussargues," by François Deschamps,

illustrated by Ed. Zier, and "L'Épée du Donjon," by M^{me}. Chéron de la Bruyère, illustrated by G. Dutrieu. We have received also from the same publishers "Les Animaux en Train de Plaisir." This is an amusing account of a trip to the seaside by an excursion party of all sorts and conditions of animals, from the lion and elephant to the pig and the mouse. Their adventures are illustrated in colours by G. H. Thompson, and the text, by M. J. Jacquin, is easy French and well suited to young children.

CHRIST LORE

A carefully compiled volume for reference is Mr. F. M. Hackwood's "Christ Lore" (Elliott Stock). It is a collection of Christian Lore and Legend, containing in handy, well-arranged form the legends, traditions, myths, symbols, customs, and superstitions of

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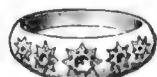
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the Christian Church, the whole subject being dealt with from the legendary, and not from the scriptural, point of view. Stories of the Holy Trinity, Saints, Martyrs, and Apostles are all concisely told, and the illustrations, taken from old drawings and prints, are very interesting. There is little if any new matter in the book, but there is a great advantage in having in one convenient volume information which before had to be searched for in a library of books.

"Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

THIS is the season of dancing, country balls especially. A delightful ball was given at Bournemouth, Lord Exeter's fine country seat, recently, and another at Lady Warwick's Essex home. At the latter entertainment the large temporary ballroom was hung with white, and decorated with abundance of white lilies and pink roses, while the supper-room glowed in a harmony of yellow and white. Temporary ballrooms are very useful, for not many houses contain the accommodation for a large number of guests. It is wonderful the zest people have in the country for dances. They will come from miles around, though few people would undertake the feat of an Irish family who, in mid-winter, drove twenty miles to a ball on an outside car, the coldest and least comfortable of vehicles.

I note that at the performance of Mrs. Langtry's play before the King and Queen there was no applause from the pit, which remained silent and motionless. The performance was a semi-private one, and the occupants of the pit included the Royal servants, so that this is strictly in accord with the traditions of the palace. If there is any applause it must be led by Royalty; but the effect of this silence must be very damping and deadening to the performers. In the case of a concert it is not so bad, but when a play is being

performed, and the accustomed applause is absent, an indefinable feeling of discomfort is likely to attack the players, and cause them to waver and relax in their efforts.

To the engagement of Lady Sybil Primrose attaches somewhat more interest than to the ordinary marriage of a society girl. She was the daughter of a clever mother, was cradled on the knees of Mr. Gladstone, brought up among all the distinguished men and politicians of the day, and has presided over her father's home from the time she was eighteen. This is an interesting record for a girl, and as she is herself charming and witty, she has every chance of happiness in the future. Of late years, in several instances, girls have been at the head of their father's large establishment, and whenever this has happened the result is successful. Mixing a good deal with men of superior intellect is bound to enlarge and strengthen a girl's mind, and give her a wider look-out on life, whereas the mothered girl naturally sinks into the background when she is blest with a beautiful or popular parent.

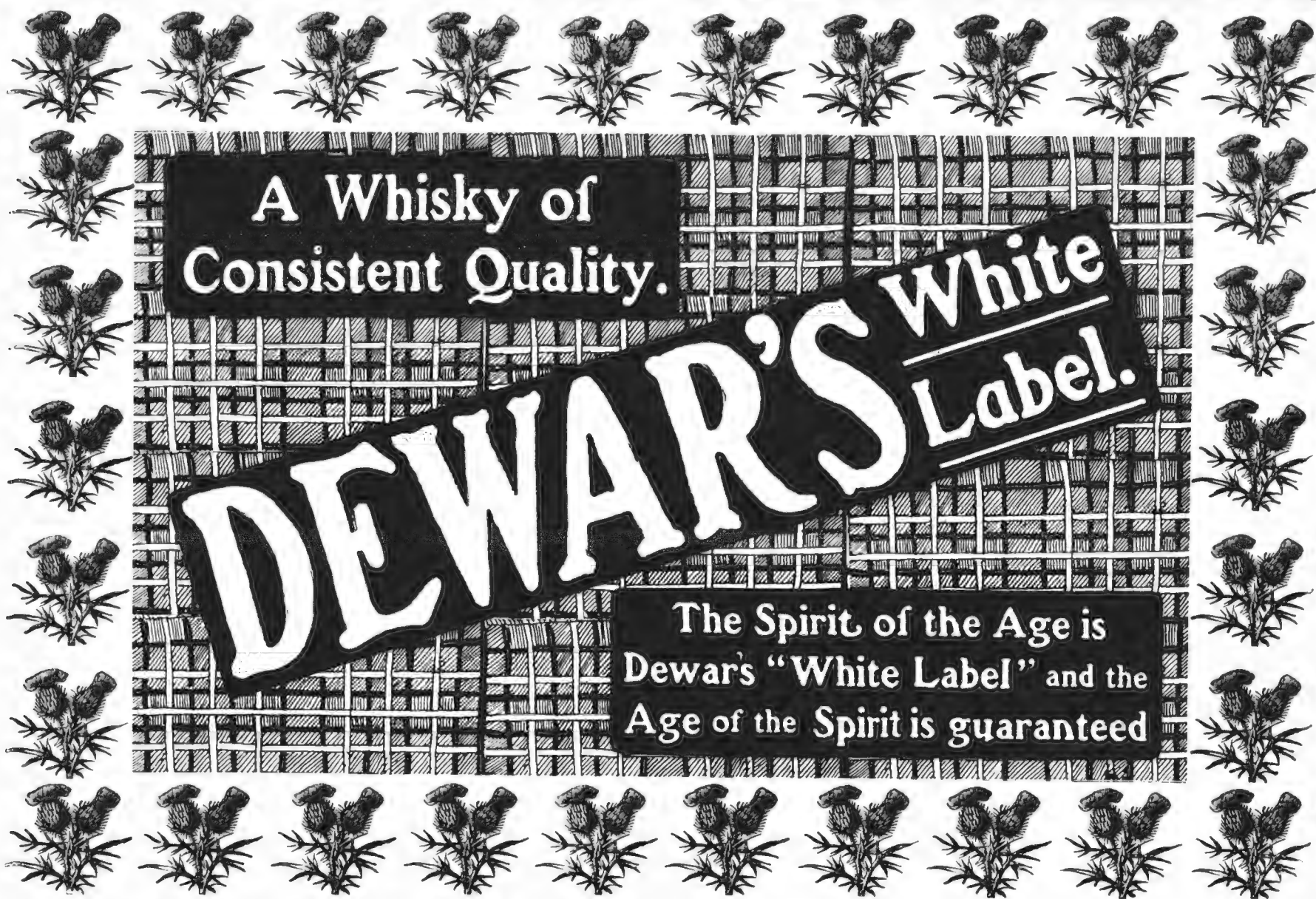
I see in a contemporary a protest against the present fashion of bookbinding, which, the writer says, is not only loud and varied, but misleading. He would have some uniformity, so that in looking at a book you could make a shrewd guess at its contents. Scarlet bindings, he thinks, should be reserved entirely for military subjects, yellow and orange for books on China and the East, light green for books about nature and outdoor amusements, purple for history, brown for science, grey for philosophy and criticism, art books in plain white, and fiction in violet. Certainly some such arrangement would be convenient for readers, and the novels again should be divided into sections of colour, so that the prim old maids need not take up by mistake the lurid and advanced novel, or the man about town waste his time with the love-story of a schoolgirl.

Proper of books, the Americans, as usual, are on the hustle. The steady-going circulating library's arrangements will be quite out-of-date soon, and its place taken by the new book-lover's library,

just arrived in London. Here we have all the Yankee's go-ahead-ness. This enterprise covers a complete chain of libraries in the States. Once a member, you can change your books in the train, in the hotel, the steamer, and in most of the principal cities. The library only contains new books, never more than a year old. They are bound in pretty covers, changed when they grow dirty, and sent you in a gripsack which contains them comfortably. The new premises in London are commodious and artistic, and form an ideal bookshop. Now, therefore, no one need lag behind the times.

This is the crucial moment when women, looking haggard and careworn, flit in and out of crowded shops in the vain search for acceptable presents for their nearest and dearest. It is quite easy to choose for some people. The poor, for instance, will be pleased with coats, or flannel, or blankets, or boots; the little girl needs nothing but a doll, the little boy a horse or whip; but it is the terrible grown-ups, and, above all, the male grown-ups that cause all the difficulty. An ordinary man's wants are so few, and those few in the shape of cigar-cases, sticks, and umbrellas have been probably long catered for, on his twenty-first birthday, on his marriage, or his entrance into the army. As is well said, even the millionaire can only eat one dinner a day, and a couple of cigar-cases probably fulfil a man's amplest desires. Yet something must be bought, and the racking worry of men's presents makes this time of the year a perfect purgatory to their loving womankind.

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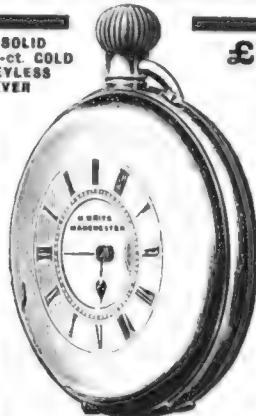
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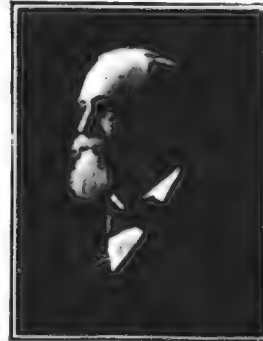
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Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

THE possibilities of the New Year's Honours List are being discussed eagerly by those who attach importance to titles and alphabetical distinctions. It is probable that three, if not six, new members will be admitted into the Order of Merit. If the prediction is fulfilled, it may be expected that Lord Salisbury will be amongst them. Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. Swinburne should also receive this tribute to their talents, and it is to be hoped that Lord Cromer will not be overlooked. There has as yet been no official announcement that the Order has been reserved for men, and this omission leads many to believe that women are eligible. There is one, Miss Florence Nightingale—the mother of the modern nursing system—who well deserves the honour, and it would be a graceful acknowledgment of her services to mankind were the King to confer upon her the Order of Merit.

Many names are mentioned recklessly in connection with the approaching distribution of titles. Lord Cadogan has served long in Ireland, and being very rich, and one of the great landlords of London, has a just claim to be added to the list of Dukes. As to the others who are being created peers prematurely the less said the better, for it only adds to their discomfiture to be discussed in print, and then disappointed.

There is a singular difference in the treatment of philanthropists who give their money and those who give their services. A millionaire presents a large sum to the nation for charitable purposes and he receives a title as an official recognition of his public spirit. A philanthropist works long and successfully in relieving distress, and he is officially ignored! It would be invidious to mention names, but there are two or three men in Great Britain who have originated and have carried out great philanthropic movements, whose obituaries will cover several columns, who are never even alluded to when the frequent distributions of honours occur. Opinions may be divided as to the value of "General" Booth and his work, but that much of it is a startling fact in the history of our times, and an enormous element of good, is not to be denied.

"The House of Commons is a good club spoilt." A well-known statesman described the House in those words a few days ago. Formerly the House of Commons was the central meeting-place of the rival "families," though even then a few "strangers" contrived to obtain admission. The rival families fought each other in Parliament, and went up or down in the world as their representatives succeeded or failed. It was interesting and exciting for them and for their friends, and when they were not actively fighting it was a pleasant and dignified place to meet in. The "family" element is being removed, and the public interest is being substituted for it. Thus the House is—slowly—being turned into a mere business place, where members from every class gather together to

work! This is the period of transition; neither the family nor the public element predominates, and, therefore, the interest of members in the general proceedings of the House is not particularly keen. When the "Reform" movement was acute the struggle was fierce, and the House was interested and interesting. On that struggle depended the fates of the families and the public. There is no fierce struggle for the moment, the "strangers" are in the majority, and the "House is a good club spoilt"!

The duty of the Foreign Office is to negotiate; of the Colonial Office to administer. It has come about that the task of administering the Province of Uganda has been entrusted to the Foreign Office, and, as was to be expected, the Office has fallen into difficulties. The Uganda railway has cost some millions more than had been estimated, and then it should have cost, and the Government have had to admit in the House of Commons that mistakes have occurred. It is now stated by those who have some knowledge of the "inner-mind" of Ministers, that the Government contemplate a change of control, as regards Uganda, at an early date. They declare that before the close of 1903 Uganda will be under the management either of the Colonial Office or of a specially organised department. It would, however, not surprise any who are behind the scenes were Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, on his return to England, to advise the Government to create a South Africa Department, in which case Uganda would pass at once into the care of the new office.

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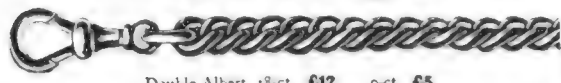


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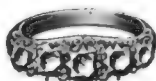
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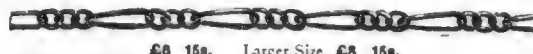
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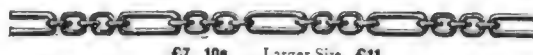
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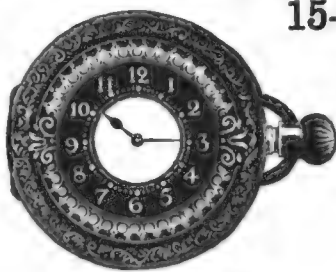
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Rural Notes

THE SEASON

DURING Smithfield week a great number of farmers from all parts of the country may be met, and the agricultural dinner on the Tuesday is always a great occasion in the rural world. The tone of these meetings is more hopeful than if they were confined to growers of produce, for the breeding interests are not faring badly, and the sale of fine cattle, good horses, and the best breeds of sheep is both well sustained and remunerative. What it is very difficult to learn is how far these animals are being bred for and sold to country gentlemen with whom agriculture and stock-keeping is a pastime. Those who have a good park surrounding their estates can keep a number of fine animals and not be appreciably out of pocket. The milk will be the best in the world, and give the house fine butter and good home-made cheese, while the beef, mutton, and pork will do all of the finest quality, and yet cost less per lb. than if bought at the butcher's. All this makes country life to the well-placed very agreeable, but it is no clue to how the genuine farmer is faring. The latter has to make a living wage out of agriculture, and so far as we can learn the season is treating him none too well. There are poor reports from the newly threshed stocks, and produce on the whole is barely paying the rent of the ground which it occupies while growing.

WINTER FAIRS

There is so much feed this winter that farmers are not ready

sellers of animals. The winter fairs thus far, therefore, have been ill-supplied as regards numbers, but quality has been satisfactory and prices have been good. Three-year-old cattle have made 13/ to 14/; two-year-olds 11/ to 12/; yearlings 8/ to 9/; and young calves 4/ to 5/ each. Sheep have made 50s. to 55s. for the young two-teeth ewes, 42s. to 48s. for full-mouthed ewes, 44s. to 50s. for fat wether lambs, and about 59s. for chilvers. Lambs of a certain age and fatness, known to West countrymen generally, but, unhappily, not sufficiently "general" to supply the hapless poet with a rhyme for "silver." Pigs have not been on order, in proportion, as cattle and sheep, but with the colder weather has lately been appreciating a little at each successive fair and market.

ORGANISED POULTRY-FARMING

Lady Cranbourne is endeavouring to organise poultry-farming so that consumers can have the warrant of a respectable society for the fresh-laid character of country eggs. If this humble but most useful idea develops into a real success, as it should do, the society will extend its operations to the supply of table fowls, ducks, and turkeys, reared on farms vouched for by the society, and, of course, situated in Great Britain. The Poultry Organisation Society starts with twenty county depots and a central office under the wing of the Royal Agricultural Society at 12, Hanover Square. Its trade mark is a rose, and this simple English sign is stamped in analine die on each egg sent out under the society's guarantee.

THE IRISH DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

Mr. Wyndham has thus constituted this influential and well-

endowed department, the powers of which largely exceed those of the British Board of Agriculture. He presides in person, but in his absence the vice-president is Mr. Horace Plunkett, the Conservative candidate defeated by Colonel Lynch for Galway. The permanent Chief Secretary is Mr. T. P. Gill, late Home Rule M.P. for Louth. Although he is not in "Who's Who," Mr. Gill is very well known in Ireland, and even on this side of the Channel. The General Staff includes Professor Campbell, Messrs. Blair, Cantrell, Gordon, Porter, Wood, Robertson and Pinlott.

EXTENSIVE HUNTING

This season the custom of "a cap" into which each non-subscriber attending a hunt puts a sovereign has spread to several hunts where it was formerly unknown. In this way a new system of subscribing by the hunts actually attended is brought into vogue. The expense of hunting is considerable, and increases yearly. It seems inevitable that it should be so, yet it goes against the grain to limit a fine and plucky sport to the rich. Army subalterns, the sons of country clergymen, lawyers and doctors, together with the younger sons of regular squires, are the very class that one wants to see out at the hunt, but none of these have incomes in any way able to stand the modern rate of hunting expenses. The farmers' sons escape; it is recognised that they pay in kind, in the use of their land to ride over. But for the most part hunting is getting more and more to be confined to owners of large landed estates and their house parties on the one hand, and to rich City men who run down to local hotels on the other.

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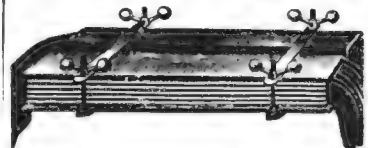
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No 1,716

DECEMBER 27, 1902

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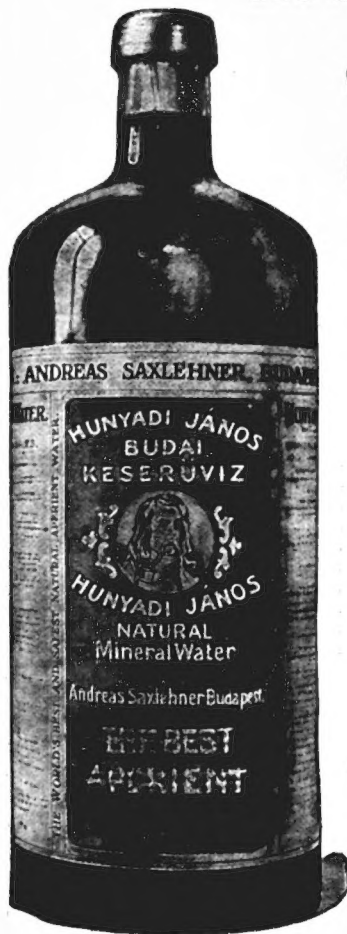
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